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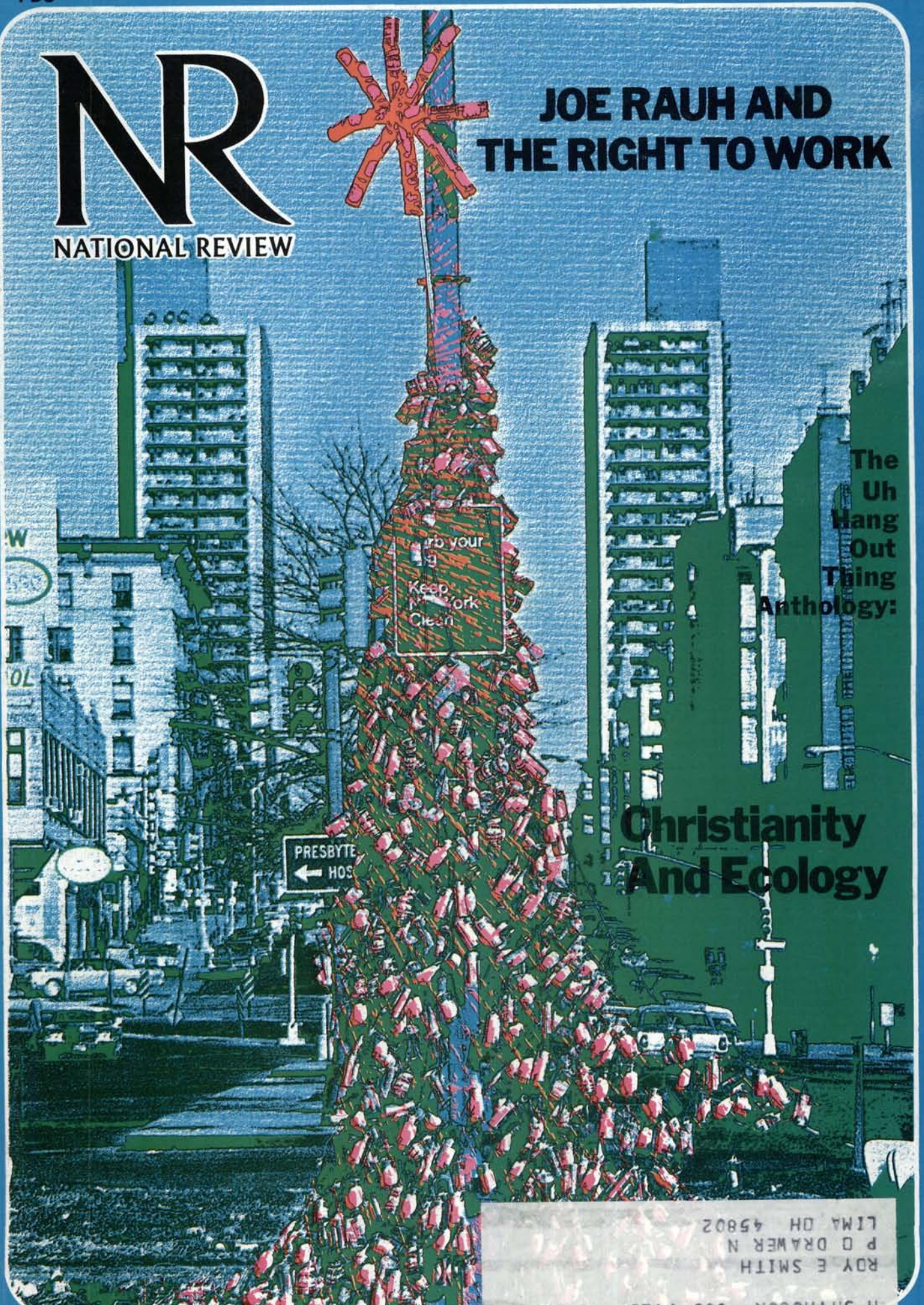
DECEMBER 20, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

JOE RAUH AND THE RIGHT TO WORK

The Uh Hang Out Thing Anthology:

Christianity And Ecology



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Of Buckley in the UN, whom W.C. Fields would have tagged the Ethiopian in the fuel supply, one wonders: why would anyone appoint to the world's most elevated debating society a guy who's been skewering it for years, and why would he accept? To Do Some Good on the Human Rights Committee (and, incidentally, occupy – happy irony – the same chair Mrs. Roosevelt held): this, Buckley's reason. And the government's? Some Nixonian whimsy, maybe, but officially: to ably fill the yearly rotating public delegate position.

The UN will survive Bill Buckley, whose influence, he makes perfectly clear, was nearly zilch, his freedom to make independent speeches proclaiming human rights virtually non-existent, his notorious agility with words no match for the ideologized Third Worldly zealots.

In a forum where, as Buckley observes, the causes of everything wicked are labeled colonialism, imperialism, racism (i.e., by whites against non-whites), and economic inequality, that Buckleyan urge to strip off the mask of Soviet hypocrisy and throttle the likes of Saudi Arabia's Jamil Baroody, the UN's premier windbag – that urge must be, if not resisted, at least accepted for what it is: a private quirk, let us call it sanity in a madhouse.

Realizing that his role would be exiguous, Buckley set about keeping a journal, lest he "emerge the screwee." This is the result, a gently phrased yet devastating dissection of the futility of injecting reason and/or truth into UN discourse, beautifully exposing those empty formulae comprising the ritual dance among good guys as well as bad down at the East River.

It is a burden killing both to spirit and worthy causes, this participation in the rhetoric of lies and drivel signifying nought but the determination of the culpable to locate guilt elsewhere. The book's power is that it impels the reader onward, as if masochistically, to discover how UN-speak substitutes for international communication. It's vintage Buckley: masterfully phrased, deliciously wry, elegant in tone but weighty in intent, which here demonstrates why the UN is a snare, and a delusion.

Boston Globe

"Highly useful—tart, funny, Buckley at his best, in demolishing international diplomatic cant." *Wall St. Journal*

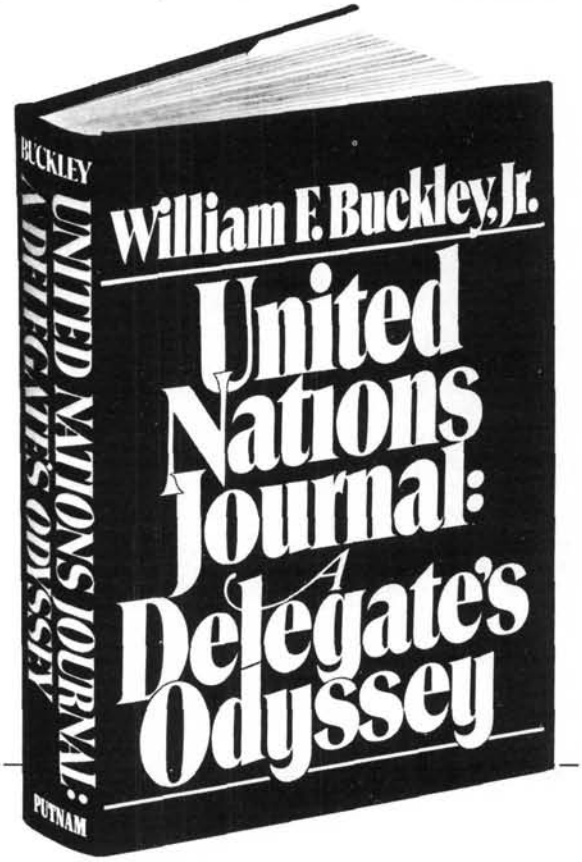
"[Buckley] is an entertaining writer [who] conveys the mass of ennui without being boring himself." *The New Yorker*

"Refreshing stuff." *New York Times*

"Witty journal." *Time Magazine*

"Biting, intelligent, entertaining, serious, a book of coruscating wit." *Washington Post*

"Full of eyebrow-arched drollery and genteel character-mugging. Some of the best reading you can find. Nine times out of ten, you'd like to hold his stubborn head underwater for some things he said or wrote. But it's worth restraining that impulse because, the tenth time around, he'll give you something worth thinking about. And this book is one of those times." *Raleigh News and Observer*



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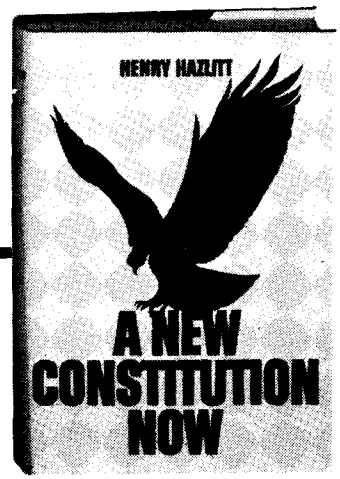
Watergate crisis leads Henry Hazlitt to propose



"Nothing short of a well-nigh impossible impeachment can unmake a President, except four successions of the seasons. . . . A Prime Minister must keep himself in favor with the majority, a President need only keep alive..."

So wrote the young Woodrow Wilson, in 1885, in a doctoral thesis entitled *Congressional Government* — a searching criticism of the American political system.

In 1942, when the United States was in the midst of World War II, Congress and President Roosevelt were sometimes at loggerheads. The President was even threatening to nullify an act of Congress on his personal authority, on the plea of averting "a disaster which would interfere with the winning of the war."

Henry Hazlitt, alarmed at the time by the prospect of governmental paralysis or unconstitutional usurpation of power, wrote *A New Constitution Now*. Following Wilson and British political thinker Walter Bagehot, he argued for the superiority of the British parliamentary system. Though his book led to no constitutional reforms, it was widely reviewed in learned and popular periodicals.

Today, responding to our recent crisis, Mr. Hazlitt has updated that book. While he still believes in a parliamentary system, he now outlines improvements that could be made even under our present Constitution.

One improvement would make it easier to amend our Constitution by adopting the Swiss and Australian procedure. Another would restrict Presidents to a single term. A third would abolish the office of Vice President. A fourth would reconstitute the Supreme Court, with each governor appointing a justice with the approval of his state legislature.

"Though developments since the second election of Mr. Nixon have sharply pointed up the urgent need of American constitutional reform," writes Mr. Hazlitt, "the need for that reform should long have been apparent without the present crisis."

After the protracted conflict between Mr. Nixon and Congress over Watergate, many Americans are now asking: isn't there a better way? In such a dispute, says Mr. Hazlitt, "there can be only one answer: the American people. . . . But under our Constitution, if the President and Congress disagree in a crisis, there is no way to consult the people." He goes on to show how a system structured along parliamentary lines could prove more flexible, and more responsive to the popular will.

At a time when thoughtful Americans are reassessing many of our political institutions, this book is a major contribution.

LAST-MINUTE EPILOGUE ON NIXON RESIGNATION

When President Ford took over, most Americans sighed and said, "See? The system still works." Henry Hazlitt, in a provocative Epilogue, maintains that the transition from Nixon to Ford proves just the opposite.

MAJOR REVIEWS HAIL A NEW CONSTITUTION NOW

"A book which is as lucid as it is profound. The history of recent democratic ineptitude haunts Mr. Hazlitt. But, where other democratic thinkers have become apathetic or cynical on the one hand, or crusaders for a purely religious view of democracy on the other, Mr. Hazlitt has patiently sought to determine the naturally effective forms of democratic government."
—John Chamberlain, *New York Times*

"Insight and argumentative skill . . . it is a challenge that cannot reasonably be ignored in these days of grueling tests of governmental performance. Mr. Hazlitt states his case simply and forcefully." —*Washington Post*

"The book is witty, learned, pithy, and stimulating. Its array of facts and deductions will convince many, and will provoke others to healthy thought on an issue that may yet become of burning moment."—Allan Nevins, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"Provocative book, well-written and unequivocal."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"Mr. Hazlitt's argument goes all the way back to Bagehot, Mill, and Bryce, who are good men to go back to in the circumstances. . . . Mr. Hazlitt makes many wise incidental propositions."
—*Harper's*

"I once made some deprecatory remarks about Henry Hazlitt's ideas on the Constitution. Since then I have made a great mistake. I have read his book. I have, in fact, made a second mistake. I have done some thinking. One ought never to allow an opponent to drive him to such extremities. . . . Mr. Hazlitt's main point has overwhelming validity."
—William E. Bohn, *New Leader*

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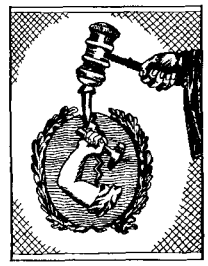

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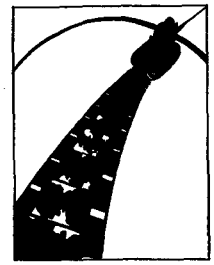

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FOR THE RECORD

■ For lack of ten votes: a recount in New Hampshire has given the Senate seat once conceded to conservative Republican **Louis Wyman** to Democrat **John Durkin**. . . . And that could mean that liberal **Jacob Javits** will defeat conservative **Carl Curtis** (Neb.) in the battle for chairman of the influential Senate Republican Conference. A preliminary headcount by Curtis forces indicated he had the votes to beat Javits provided Wyman voted for Curtis, as he would have (incidental note of little importance: the 1975 *World Almanac* lists Wyman as the senator from N.H.). . . . In the House, Republican moderate **John Anderson** (Ill.) was reelected chairman of the Republican Conference, in a victory for the liberals (Anderson's ACA rating is not all that bad —76 per cent), but the conservatives won the battle for Party Whip with the election of **Robert Michel** (also of Illinois—ACA 81, ADA 0) over **Jerry Pettis** of California, the liberals' candidate. . . . On the Democratic side it was a rout for conservatives with the election of Rep. **Phillip Burton** (Calif.) as chairman of the party Caucus. Burton has an ACA rating of 5 per cent, ADA/COPE ratings of 100 per cent.

■ Looking ahead: *Wall Street Journal* says **John Lindsay** will "probably take on **James Buckley** [in '76] if Lindsay survives an expected [Democratic] primary tussle." *N.Y. Post* story quotes Republican county chairmen as saying Buckley will get the GOP nomination next time round without a primary. . . . Indianapolis Mayor **Richard Lugar**, who lost his race against **Birch Bayh** in Indiana, is now expected to try again next time against **Vance Hartke**, regarded as much more vulnerable than Bayh. . . . On the presidential level, **Ronald Reagan** intends to keep his name in the news by syndicating a radio commentary, "American Viewpoint." Over 125 radio stations called up the first week after the announcement of the commentary to sign contracts for it. . . . Down Texas way, Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** is on the move: he's sent letters to 7,000 Texans asking for a $650,000 kitty to launch his presidential campaign. . . . Gov. **Jimmy Carter** of Georgia is also interested, as is maverick former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**, who says a third party could win the election in 1976 and that he would be "willing" to be its candidate.

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"I think I'll go see my doctor, Harry— I still feel optimistic."

■ Who was the big winner at Vladivostok? The Communist *Daily World* had little doubt. Its headline: PENTAGON SET BACK AT VLADIVOSTOK MEET, and a box on the same front page quoting Secretary General **Gus Hall** of the CPUSA as "hailing the arms accord." . . . The *Daily World* chose a curiously capitalist setting for its **fiftieth anniversary** celebration December 8: the Grand Ballroom of the Statler Hilton in NYC. Better, come to think of it, than the Imperial Ballroom of the Americana Hotel, which was where the Communist-oriented Emergency Civil Liberties Committee held its bash in honor of Vietcongniks **Jane Fonda** and **Tom Hayden**. Guest speaker, the radical Massachusetts congressman **Michael Harrington**. . . . **Daniel Ellsberg** is back, this time raising money for the "Safe Return Amnesty Committee." . . . A Reuters story says **Charles Manson** plotted in September to break out of Vacaville prison in California where he was undergoing psychiatric treatment. Vacaville is the prison that **Donald DeFreeze** escaped from shortly before the kidnapping of **Patricia Hearst**.

■ The UN and UNESCO may have gone too far in their recent anti-Israel votes. Sen. **Clifford Case** (R., N.J.) has introduced an amendment to the foreign aid bill to cut the U.S. contribution to UNESCO unless UNESCO repeals its anti-Israel vote. (The U.S. pays one-fourth of UNESCO's budget.) . . . **Switzerland** has cut its contribution to UNESCO by 10 per cent. . . . Mme. **Françoise Giroud**, **Giscard d'Estaing**'s minister for ladies (ministress?), has turned down an invitation to speak to UNESCO because of its "shocking vote," and that durable twosome **Simone de Beauvoir** and **Jean-Paul Sartre** have joined **Eugene Ionesco**, **Arthur Rubinstein**, and **Jean-Louis Barrault** in a protest of intellectuals. . . . In New York, UNICEF, the UN unit that raises money for children by the sale of **Christmas cards**, reports cancellations of orders in protest against the General Assembly vote legitimizing the PLO. . . . And historian **Henry Steele Commager** believes the UN may "have committed suicide."

■ The *New York Times Book Review*'s regular pre-Christmas rundown of books had most of the usual categories this year: Fiction, Sports, Biography, Mystery, Young Readers, etc., and one new category—**Watergate**.

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Letters

Questions for Amnesty

Many thanks for George H. Nash's "The Ordeal of Amnesty International" [Dec. 6]. It is the first thorough analysis of the organization I have seen, and answers the questions I have been asking myself for some time: How intellectually honest is Amnesty's desire to balance each adoption of a victim of left wing oppression with one of right wing and "neutral" oppression? Why did William Buckley ever think it worth while to be on Amnesty's board? What does Amnesty do besides adopt prisoners, and do its other activities reinforce or undercut its good work there?

If this article is typical of Mr. Nash's thoughtfulness and incisiveness, *A Dance along the Precipice* should be one of the major works of modern conservatism.

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSON

Who Is Legitimate?

Mr. Roman Makarewicz would never have written as he did ["Letters," Nov. 22] if he knew history *really*. Louis II was surely crazy but intensely beloved—the simple people felt that he had become victim of a ghastly intrigue. On the other hand few Bavarians after 1933 considered Hitler's government "legitimate," which is proven by the large number of anti-Nazi ditties. And before 1933—looking at the free elections of 1932—nowhere did Hitler pull in so few votes as in the Catholic areas of Bavaria. Franz Josef was not an autocrat or despot and the Congress of Vienna did not deal with East Asia. Wars? The U.S.A. declared more wars between 1815 and 1910 than Prussia!

Lans, Tyrol ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Palestinian Knot

I continue to wonder why your usually rigorous logic always gets so flexible when the subject is the Middle Eastern knot. To say ["The Week," Nov. 22] that Israel will inevitably have to negotiate with the PLO because it's a revolutionary movement is to argue that all such movements succeed. But I rather suspect history (written by winners, remember?) is littered with unsuccessful revolutionary movements with which nobody negotiated.

And such a sentence as ". . . Irgun and Stern gangs . . . *were factors* in bringing the state of Israel into existence" is a bit shady. You know perfectly well that neither group negotiated for the establishment of the state—indeed, the official Zionist group had a tough time with both of them. If you believe that Irgun and Stern had an important effect on the outcome, you can make that kind of case comparing them to the PLO. But your thesis—that the PLO will have to be given legitimacy—is not supported by your reasons and your examples.

It is, however, a fair sample of the kind of thinking which made Rabat inevitable and which continues to inflate the difficulties.

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Not So Easy

James Burnham's "Easy Way to Save Lots of Gasoline" [Nov. 22] is a prescription for disaster for millions of Americans who must use their automobiles. The majority of citizens in at least a dozen states reside in small to medium size towns and counties, far too sparsely populated to make feasible mass transportation facilities. For these people, marketing, attendance at work and school, and even getting to the nearest bank for the money to pay Burnham's tax require the use of their automobiles.

Secondly, the discriminatory aspects of the Burnham plan compound at tax time when gasoline tax receipts would be returned—not necessarily to those who had to pay the outrageous tax in the first instance, but to all lower income taxpayers, presumably including New York's straphangers who don't have to pay gasoline taxes at all.

As an Easterner (transplanted from New York only last May) I used to marvel at the political successes of western liberals in patently conservative constituencies, but this fall I began to understand these successes as I watched Senator Frank Church run ever so artfully against (among other things) William Simon's proposed gasoline tax. What Burnham and NATIONAL REVIEW lack—and what Frank Church apparently has—

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is empathy, the ability to appreciate the real worries of today's lower income worker. In those families there is no money to spare, for higher gasoline taxes or anything else, and the William Simons and James Burnhams scare them half to death.

Albion, Idaho RALPH T. HELLER

As Mr. Burnham noted, the primary objective is to eliminate our country's dependence on foreign energy sources. So why not *do* that, directly, by imposing a quota on foreign oil imports, said quota to be reduced in yearly steps over the next five or ten years, until no foreign oil is imported? By this means it is certain that we shall be independent of Arab oil in some arbitrary number of years.

Mr. Burnham's method, on the contrary, would *not*, I think, eliminate our dependence on Arab oil, but only reduce our consumption of both domestic and foreign oil, with the proportion of either determined by the respective marginal costs of production. Worse, the proposal would cause a severe dislocation of the domestic oil market, making that market an even poorer reflection of people's free economic choices than it is now.

Shame on you, for making such a suggestion in the pages of a free market journal like NATIONAL REVIEW! If the national defense requires that we stop buying foreign oil, then let us effect that decision openly and directly.

ROBERT MICHAEL WERNICKE

Washington, D.C.

It being so unlikely that James Burnham's plan to save gasoline will be implemented, one almost thinks it's a spoof —but only almost.

Here's a modification: charge 25 cents a gallon surtax and lift the income tax exemptions for the lower brackets *and*—this "*and*" is important—require the tax proceeds to be spent to develop oil from shale, coal from the Northwest without spoiling the country forever, and pipelines from Alaska and the new Mexican fields, so as to achieve the quickest possible independence from Arab oil—all on a crash basis.

This won't be adopted either, because it takes some money for good uses that the pols would like to spend otherwise.

Miami, Fla. ARTHUR D. WELTON

Bouquets

I write as one whose principled attachment to three-button natural shoulder suits and button-down collars, not to mention a proclivity for Somerset Maugham books, has habituated him to eschew the fashionable and to hold out for the long term values.

From this recessive vantage point, I have heretofore frowned upon, on those rare occasions when I have taken the trouble to read, D. Keith Mano's column.

(Continues on page 1441)

Marquisat Beaujolais Villages.

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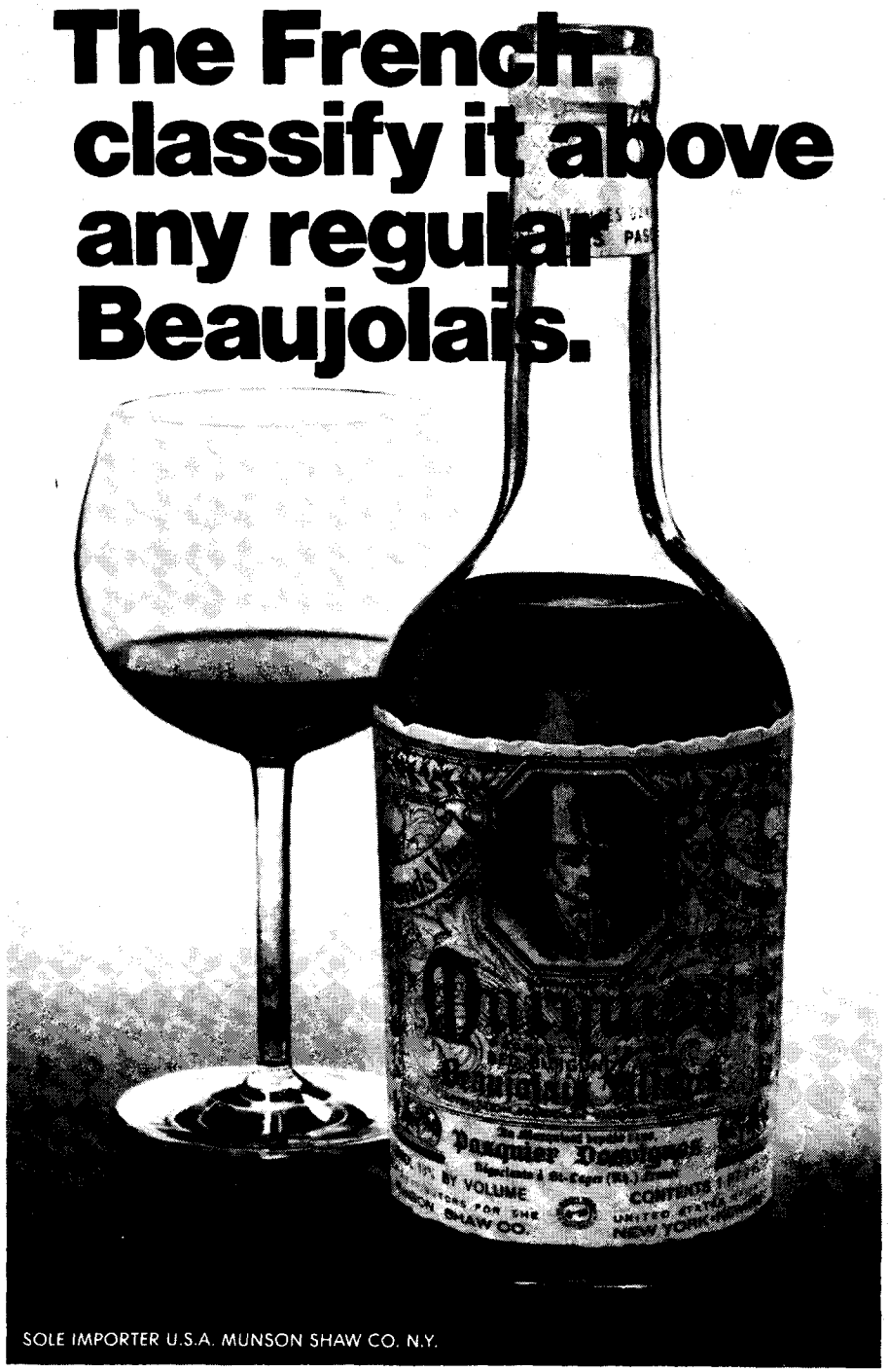

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1439)

Until now. His "Moon Madness" [Nov. 8] is peerless and it is only with the greatest difficulty that I am able to restrain the belly laughs sufficiently to make sense of this dictation—although in fairness I must confess that my secretary is not altogether sure that the dictation is coherent or the belly laughs fully restrained.

More Mano!

Tallahassee, Fla. STEPHEN M. SLEPIN

I am greatly pleased as a charismatic Christian and conservative with your editorial "Charismatics" [Nov. 8]. But I must add that it fails to emphasize the ability this movement has to change the lives of people. Granted it may well be a reaction to the "externality" which plagues the churches, it also is a movement to bring the miraculous powers of Christ, through the Holy Spirit, into the hearts of men. More than churches and institutions, the Holy Spirit is seeking to renew tired, sinful, secularized Christians into Christians of love, peace, joy, and power—power to live in the fullness of Christ's victory over sin and the world.

Oswego, N.Y. JOHN J. GIORGIS

Geography Lessons

In "The Week" [Nov. 22] you remark on a Cherokee, South Dakota weekly's comments on the late Czar. Yours is an example of how a myth travels westward. The actuality is that in 1912 the *Skibbereen Eagle* (County Cork) warned that "The *Skibbereen Eagle* has its eye on the Czar of Russia." The news spread all over Ireland and the remark became a national cliché, still amusing to young people of 12 or 13 but scarcely later.

Sandwich, Mass. FRANCIS RUSSELL

In a review of Jean Orieux' biography of Talleyrand [Sept. 3], Mr. Aram Bakshian Jr. describes the prelate-politician as the "sometime Bishop of Périgord." Apparently, neither Mr. Bakshian nor the editors know that the French statesman was the Bishop of Autun, a See in central France far from the southwest province of Périgord. An accurate explanation of how "Périgord" became joined to the bishop's family name is available in a recent study of Talleyrand by J. F. Bernard.

Washington, D.C. JOSEPH F. THORNING

The Nixon Court

One becomes exasperated at the assertion (made by Joseph Isola in his letter in the Sept. 27 *NR*) that we conservatives "should revere the memory" of Richard Nixon because of his Supreme Court appointments.

Let us never forget that three of the four Nixon appointees voted to sanction abortion (thereby necessarily denying either the principle that all innocent human life is inviolable or the principle that one is never free to kill a being whose human status is debated—such as women, Jews, blacks, or Indians, all of whose full humanity has been questioned at one point or another in history), and that all four Nixon appointees, in voting to save a trivial and worthless film (*Carnal Knowledge*), demonstrated to all the world that they did not mean what they said in their previous anti-pornography decision, thereby causing all the purveyors of filth to resume business as usual.

These two decisions *alone* are sufficiently destructive of humane values to render whatever benefit their procedural decisions may bring of little value by comparison.

Canberra ROBERT J. EDGEWORTH

Beyond the Law

In your October 11 issue ["The Week"], you reported that Representative Michael Harrington leaked secret information regarding certain CIA operations in Chile. It takes no genius to note that such disclosure was inimical to the interests of the United States and thus a violation of the U.S. Code. Such conduct as a minimum warrants censure by the House of Representatives, if not outright removal from office.

When Congress flouts the security laws it has passed itself whenever it is not expedient to obey them, the executive branch has ample reason not to keep Congress informed. It is no wonder Congress is such a toothless watchdog.

The Congress which sought to remove a President because he acted as if he were beyond the law should not in good conscience ignore similar conduct by its own membership.

Great Lakes, Ill. T. M. RYAN

Gulag: A Suggestion

I am still recovering from the shock of reading *Gulag Archipelago* and I suppose like many other readers I find myself wondering what in the world can be done to inform the policymaking leaders in this country of the horror imposed upon the Russian people by their own government—a government that so many people in this country want to befriend, trust, and make peace with.

One suggestion came to mind after reading M. J. Sobran Jr.'s article on Simas Kudirka [Dec. 6]: perhaps we could bombard our congressmen and senators with our pocket copies of *Gulag* as we finish reading them. Maybe if they got enough copies they might even read it. So I suggest that each person similarly concerned mail his pocketbook copy to his senator or congressman. I am willing to act as a clearing house: if people want to mail their copies to me (at 1939 Addison St., Berkeley, Ca. 74704), with sufficient postage, I will distribute them to all congressmen, provided enough books reach me.

Berkeley, Calif. JOHN ROLF HATTAM

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THE WEEK

■ The Indiana Department of Revenue managed to print 900,000 tax forms with the "total tax due" blank blacked out. A stroke of serendipitous genius. Imagine what this country could do if every tax due blank in every tax form were blacked out for one year's time. An end to inflation, depression, shortages, hard times, bureaucracy, corruption . . . But, alas, the Indiana Department of Revenue didn't see it that way. They figured they had made a "mistake" and printed up 900,000 new tax forms, at a cost of $12,000. Billed to the taxpayers, of course.

■ In every inflation the professional apologists look for those prices that are rising faster than the average, and call those prices the cause of the inflation. The theory is that rising prices are caused by rising prices, though the circularity is sometimes camouflaged by calling some prices "costs." You have to be fast on your feet to blame a general decline in the purchasing power of the dollar on a few scattered prices—the list changes monthly. Beef and lumber used to be favorite targets, but those prices fell sharply while general inflation accelerated. Food is still mentioned, though food prices have risen less than the consumer price index as a whole over the past year. Fuel is a seldom questioned explanation for rising prices, but the price of gasoline scarcely rose at all after the embargo ended, and gasoline prices declined by 2¢ a gallon from August through October. The catch-all of "commodity inflation" isn't too convincing, since inflations are always most pronounced in the volatile commodity markets (where most prices have fallen sharply in recent months). Maybe inflation could be blamed on sugar, but that price too has dropped sharply the last couple of weeks in wholesale and futures markets. How about bicycle horns and thimbles?

■ Inflation is whipped, according to economist Leif Olsen of Citibank. Liquidation of excess inventories, says Olsen, will bring inflation below 5 per cent by the end of next year. Olsen's forecast is based on the slowdown of money growth, not on any part of President Ford's package. He also expects a recession at least as severe as that of 1957-58, generating "demands for stimulus that could jeopardize the longer-run struggle for price stability." But a better analogy might be the relatively mild recession of 1953-54, which, like the current situation, involved a speculative boom and an adjustment to the demise of price controls.

■ The UN General Assembly apparently wore itself out in its crusade against South Africa and Israel. When the Cambodian question came up for its perennial going over, the local prophets predicted loftily that this time the Lon Nol government would get its walking papers, and the rebel government-in-exile headed by Peking visitor Prince Sihanouk be welcomed in its place. Those well known defenders of the rights of small nations, Communist China, Algeria, and Yugoslavia, led the anti-Lon Nol battalions, and the struggle raged hour after hour through the long night of November 27-28. At first it looked like the same Communist/Arab/Third World lineup that had anathematized South Africa and cheered Yasir Arafat, but as the night wore on, it occurred to Indonesia, the Philippines, Japan, Thailand, and sundry others that Sihanouk's Chinese patrons might be up to some hanky-panky of their own in Cambodia that boded no good for neighbors. The Soviet bloc was rather listless and the U.S. delegates twisted as many arms as they could reach. When the roll was called at 12:50 A.M., Sihanouk failed to get even a simple majority, much less the two-thirds he needed. China's chief delegate, Huang Hua, summed up the meaning of the outcome with typical Communist elegance: "Though the traitorous Lon Nol clique were able to hang on in the UN for a few more days, it cannot hope to escape its doom through a fraudulent resolution concocted by a superpower."

■ The European branch of the Hudson Institute has released a starkly pessimistic report about Britain's future. Unless there is a shift in Britain's psychology and will, which the authors doubt, by 1980 the country will sink into the ranks of the third class. In a few years, the report says, Britain "may not be able to afford not only supersonic airplanes, but essential social services—even at present inadequate levels."

■ Britain's Labor Government appears to be reversing the Tory initiatives toward socialism—by easing price controls and business taxes, imposing a stiffer gasoline tax, threatening to raise taxes or cut spending if unions demand too much, and pledging to keep a tight lid on government spending. Although the latest emergency budget will add $1.4 billion to the already huge deficit, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey promises to continue to restrain the growth of the money supply. That could provide an intriguing test of the relative powers of fiscal and monetary policy. In the past few years, Britain has been put through numerous schemes to spur the economy. Each was followed by renewed inflation, stiffer price controls, and stagnation. It is not clear whether the British economy can stand any more "stimulation."

■ Because the British Labor Party is in power much of the fun was taken out of the recent Party Congress. The cabinet ministers' responsibilities for governing had a sobering effect on them not experienced by the left wing delegations, and the result was that they fought with each other instead of against the Tories. In fact Prime Minister Wilson and some of his colleagues, notably Denis

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Healey, even sounded—and have been acting—rather like Conservatives, to the considerable displeasure of Labor's left wing. The voluntary restraints—the "social contract" on which Wilson rode to power in the last election—have already been breached by some recent wage settlements. The government has been relaxing restraints on the country's near-bankrupt industry. And the Common Market question, whether Britain should remain in or not, will be put to the vote next year, with the possibility that the Wilson government will recommend a yes vote and the Labor Congress, in a special Congress next year, a no vote. All of which suggests that Harold Wilson's Labor Government is as fragile as the gloomiest analysts had feared.

■ Harbinger of many things to come? A purchaser described only as "a member of Kuwait's ruling family" has bought eight million of the 65 million issued shares of the British firm, Lonrho Ltd. Lonrho, whose chief executive is the freewheeling R. W. Rowland, who swings about the globe in his specially built Mystère jet, is a complicated conglomerate with large holdings in diamonds, gold mining, cattle, tea, copper, and other ventures, mostly in Africa. In September another Kuwait principal paid $230 million for one of Britain's largest and most successful real estate companies.

■ Only 11 per cent of the Japanese people registered continued support for Prime Minister Tanaka when he finally stepped down. What had brought Tanaka low was a combination of a personal financial scandal (unproved) on top of the runaway inflation in Japan triggered by the price of imported Arab oil. Tanaka resigned in time to make sure that his own party, the conservative Liberal-Democratic Party, would continue to rule Japan. Though there was an internecine fight over which party leader would step up into the No. 1 spot (Takeo Miki was the surprise compromise choice), the *crise de confiance* in Tanaka himself did not result in a repudiation of the party that he headed, for which he should be heartily thanked.

■ "Indigenization" is the latest fad in black Africa, and like most things with such ugly names, it causes some ugly problems. Indigenization consists of taking non-black entrepreneurs' businesses and giving them to blacks. In some cases the "foreigners" (many of whom were born in the countries in question) are then stripped of their money and exiled, as in Uganda two years ago. In others (as in present-day Zaire), they are permitted to remain and help train their successors, most of whom have had no business experience whatever; if the business continues to make money, the former owners may receive some compensation. Meanwhile, Idi Amin, having expelled all Asians from Uganda, is now inviting Pakistanis with mercantile skills to enter the country. Some have been foolish enough to accept.

■ Idi Amin is also the premier guardian of African morals. He has just fired his foreign Minister, Elizabeth Bagaaya, for, as Amin put it, having "made love to an unknown European in a toilet" at Orly Airport. Officials at Orly doubt that Princess Elizabeth was at Orly long enough—certainly by French standards—to make love to anyone anywhere. Furthermore, they say, she was always so surrounded with diplomats and journalists that "she could not, even if she wanted to, have taken part in the slightest extravagance." The excitement over Amin's "sexism" has driven the PLO clean out of the UN's head. Princess Elizabeth, under house arrest on charges of being a security risk and degrading Uganda's women, is unable to comment.

■ Anneline Kriel, of South Africa, no less, has just succeeded to the title of Miss World. Miss Kriel, a blond former campus queen at Pretoria University, thinks women's lib is "silly." But neither the UN General Assembly nor the editorial board of *Ms.* has a vote in the Miss World contest.

■ Approximately 7,000 international bureaucrats are on the payrolls of the various UN offices located in Geneva, Switzerland. On Friday, November 29, these citizens of the world staged a half-day general strike in support of their demand for higher pay and pensions. Meanwhile, the official representatives of member governments in the UN and its agencies had just received what diplomats call an aide-memoire from, of all sources, the United States UN mission. This document declares straight out what everyone in the UN has long known but no one ever mentions in public: that the "remuneration" of the UN staff is "too high by any reasonable standard." The pay scales are already 18 to 41 per cent higher than those of the U.S. Civil Service. The proposed increase would up the UN scale to 31 to 56 per cent higher than the U.S. Moreover, "UN remuneration has continually kept pace with inflation by means of the post-adjustment system, whereby employees are automatically compensated for each five index points the cost of living rises in their cities of residence [no worries about inflation in UN country]. . . . The salaries of Civil Services in headquarters cities other than New York are half, or less, of the pay rates of the UN." Noting that large additional expenditures

Mother Gets the Works

If business thrives, our leaders lust
To hobble it with antitrust,
Until, debilitated by
The legal claptrap lawyers ply,
It signs a bleak consent decree.
Hail and farewell, AT&T.

W. H. VON DREELE

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are "incompatible with the UN's serious financial situation," the U.S. Government "believes" [read, "hopes"], the aide-memoire concludes, that the member governments "will wish to instruct their delegations in New York to oppose the UN salary increase, both in the UN's administrative and budgetary committees and in the UN General Assembly." Oh yes: and UN pay, you will recall, is exempt from income taxes.

■ Children in New York City who have got through high school without learning how to write English needn't feel bad: so have some of their principals. The head of the school supervisors' union has made public the literary compositions of several principals, including the following comment in a teacher's plan book: "Are allyour childring receiving practice for MAT regardless of Math program in which the mig be involved."

■ Idle folk have been turning their WIN buttons upside down to make NIM buttons, and trying to coin clever new slogans. We have a modest contribution: No Inflated Money. If *that* doesn't Whip Inflation Now, resign yourself to Whip Inflation Never.

■ Robert Redford doesn't like to give interviews, he says. However in an interview he gave the *Washington Post*'s Tom Donnelly while shooting *Three Days of the Condor* he commented: "A film that just says 'Hey, the CIA are bad guys' wouldn't interest me. We all know that." He concluded with becoming modesty: "You know the real reason I don't like to give interviews is because I don't think I've got anything to say."

■ Americans, for the most part, will try anything once, from soap to revolution. Especially the latter, new ideas having a certain fascination that gives them currency before they are adequately tested. The sexual revolution in this country has been the intellectual hula hoop of the last decade, terrifically popular and pervasive in some circles, mostly affluent, but there has been no outstanding consumer protector to warn of the hidden costs. Except George Gilder, the Ralph Nader of sexual politics, who has been arguing that the sexual revolution may indeed be dangerous to society's health. First in *Sexual Suicide*, a portion of which appeared first in *NR*, and now in *Naked Nomads*, Mr. Gilder—persona non grata among the radically chic—examines the liabilities of "sexual freedom," its detrimental effects on men, its disruptive consequences in society. True, the men, biologically and symbiotically dependent on women, may suffer more from the new lifestyle, but even the libbers will discover there's no such thing as a free revolution.

■ An appeals court has ordered a hotel in Binghamton, N.Y. to reinstate John W. Plebani in his job as a waiter. The hotel had replaced Plebani with a bunny-type waitress. That, said the court, is reverse sex discrimination, it having not been shown that the bunny had better occupational qualifications than Plebani; which suggests that either Plebani is built like a bunny, or the bunny isn't. This is the sort of thing that goes on when the law requires judges to manage hotels.

■ "The American system of ours, call it Americanism, call it capitalism, call it what you like, gives each and every one of us a great opportunity if we only seize it with both hands and make the most of it. My rackets are run on strictly American lines, and they are going to stay that way"—Al Capone, 1929.

Send Them a Message

They tell us Bangladesh is hungry;
  Sub-Sahara countries, too.
They say we ought to savor soybeans;
  Others recommend bamboo.
It's wolfing all that filet mignon
  Third World journalists resent.
But no one studies how we do the
  Farming with just 3 per cent.

W. H. von Dreele

Great American Guilt Market

Here we go again, the Stock Market may be down, but over on the Guilt Exchange things are bullish—and in more than one sense of the word. The whole World Food Issue, so to speak, is guilt-edged.

The United States, of course, will provide emergency relief for the starving in distant lands. Everyone knows that we will, because we have been doing so for years. No one phones Peking when there's an earthquake somewhere. The Soviet Union, at the first Rome food conference, would not even disclose the quantity of its grain reserves—"strategic information"—and neither Moscow nor Peking deigned to send representatives to the second Rome conference, just concluded.

You will have noticed, however, that American guilt has been the one constant factor in each of the fashionable crises and issues that have agitated us recently.

For some years, Hiroshima served the purpose, until at length you began to feel that somehow we ourselves had bombed Pearl Harbor.

Then, for more years, Vietnam served the purpose, napalm, Mylai, and all the rest of it, until, at length, the attempt to impose Communist rule on the South by force seemed marginal to perception.

And indeed we have had a merry succession of Guilt Issues: Indians, Appalachia, Chicanos, blacks, pollution, grapes, convicts. Each did its turn, each was a prime object of middle class guilt consumption, each evoked

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its particular pitchmen. Marlon Brando instructed us in guilt consumption on the Indian matter, while Tom Wicker hawked the convicts. Last June a Senate committee, no less, circulated the claim—soon completely exploded—that the American poor were consuming pet food. But now, stand back, consumers: world hunger promises to be the biggest and best guilt lode of all, a veritable Klondike discovery.

Why does widespread starvation exist? It is not, of course, because Bangladesh, cut off from Pakistani economic and administrative support, has failed to muster the political will to exploit its own rich agricultural resources or control its population growth. It is not because of natural catastrophes, cultural patterns, and government corruption in the Sahel. It is not because of declining agricultural efficiency in former food exporting countries like Russia and China. It is not because Third World dogmatic planners have been shifting precipitously from agriculture to industrialization. How could the food crisis have anything to do with things of that sort?

You guessed it. The food crisis is due to the American way of life. This, as many of its proponents made explicit, was the intended message of the November 21 day of fasting sponsored by Oxfam. This was the meaning of the proposals, gleefully advanced by American delegates to the Rome conference, that we no longer fertilize lawns and golf courses.

Puritanism is alive and well, but a few facts ought to intrude into its spiritual revelries. American living standards have much to do with American productivity. With 0.1 per cent of the world's farm population, we feed more than 25 per cent of the world's population. U.S. industrial productivity is just as striking.

Third World global politics, by the way, has played no small role in creating the present food crisis. As everyone recognizes, the oil price rise has contributed mightily to hunger in Asia and Africa. The price rise, in turn, arose at least in part as an Arab political weapon in the conflict with Israel. Yet what have the bulk of African and Asian countries done to assist in the resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict? Nothing. Instead, they have done everything in their power to exacerbate, polarize, and ideologize it.

Hold That Line

The prime is down to 10 per cent,
  While bonds have just begun to bend.
Disintermediation's spent,
  And mortgage money's on the mend.
If Ford can play the running back,
  Stiff-arming every caterwaul . . .
But Congress will be coming back
  And very likely blow it all.

W. H. VON DREELE

Which brings us, unfortunately, and *pace* Secretary Butz, to Pope Paul. His Rome statement on the food crisis excoriated the advanced nations, and though it named none it was transparently directed at the U.S. The Pope also denounced population control campaigns by the wealthy nations "which try to solve the problem of hunger by forbidding the poor to be born." Now Pope Paul knows that Washington can do precious little to "forbid" the poor to be born in Bangladesh and other such places. His remarks merely reflected the Vatican's Third World *apertura*, the axis of its politics for the past several years. The rhetoric of this politics, however, contributes nothing to the relief of the food crisis. Rather than telling his Italian joke, a harmless jape which evoked the predictable cries of mock dismay, Secretary Butz might have remarked soberly that this was not the occasion for the Vatican to play politics. Demagogy is demagogy, even in Latin.

The average American is moved by those photographs of starving people. He knows that we will do what we can. But he is also tired of being told, by those who have just left off telling us that we cannot police the world, that, however, we must feed it; and he can do without the great guilt boom—but probably will not be spared it.

The Mideast

It is widely believed that the Arabs, in their own best interests, will not want to bankrupt the world with oil at $11 a barrel. However, this may fail to take into account the streak of irrationality found in that area of the world, as highlighted in the famous fable.

A mongoose, about to swim the Nile, was stopped by an asp just before wading in. "Please take me across on your back," the asp asked, "for I am not a water snake, and wetness makes me faint."

To which the mongoose replied, "Oh sure, I take you across on my back and you bite me and we both go under. Get lost, please."

But the asp reasoned: "Good heavens, why would I bite you? My venom would kill you, you would sink—but so would I. Your reason for denying me a free trip over on your back is enormously illogical."

The mongoose gave this some thought. "Okay," it said. "Hop on." With that, the asp settled comfortably into the mongoose's downy back, and both entered the greasy current of the Nile River. About half way over, however, the asp opened its nasty little mouth and bit deeply into the neck of the mongoose.

"Now why did you do that?" inquired the mongoose. "By biting me with your venom, we'll both sink." To which the asp replied: "That's the Middle East . . ."

Nevertheless, there is a growing consensus, at least outside the Middle East, that a sufficiently rational solution for the Middle East crisis does exist, if ways could be found to get the principals moving toward it. This

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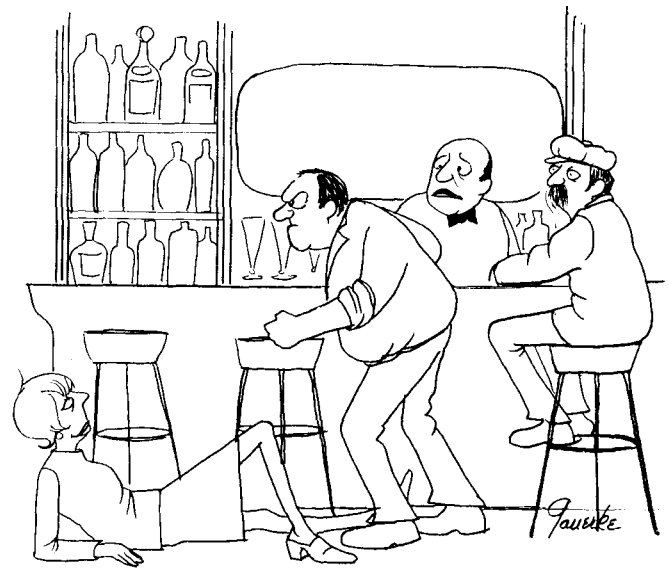
solution would be an expansion and clarification of the famous UN Resolution 242. In outline, its primary elements would be:

1. Declaration of nonbelligerency by all parties concerned. 2. Recognition of Israel's right to national existence by all parties. 3. Recognition by all parties of the right of the Palestinian Arabs to self-determination and national existence. 4. Withdrawal of Israel to the pre-1967 borders, possibly with minor modifications. 5. A multinational guarantee, in which the U.S. would join, of the security of both Israel and its neighbors along these borders. 6. Multinational or international status for Jerusalem.

These terms take account of all the major legitimate needs and rights of the contending parties. There would obviously be a long and difficult road to their realization, but they are not utopian. It looks right now that if some advance along that road doesn't start soon, a new round of war, more ferocious than any of the preceding rounds, is probable in 1975.



"I always murmur a little prayer when they're here at the same time. He's a Whig and she's Free Soil."

Inflation as a Subsidy

The serious difficulties of the auto and housing industries are generating pressure to accelerate inflation, or, in the euphemism of the day, to "reflate" demand. The unstated idea is that since consumers are reluctant to pay $5,000 for a Chevy or $50,000 for a house, the government should create enough money to make those prices seem like a bargain.

This is just another bailout, like the subsidies to Lockheed and the Franklin National Bank, but far more costly. Continually reflating overall demand to justify the prices in a few industries has generated expectations among businessmen and unions that periods of fiscal-monetary restraint will be brief. Thus, there is little incentive to cut prices or wage demands when sales suffer what is perceived as a temporary slump. Add to this the threat of being caught with list prices down during another price freeze, and businessmen are understandably reluctant to cut prices openly when demand falls (though list prices are widely discounted).

"How remote the economy is from responding to traditional *laissez faire* principles," says the *New York Times*, "is indicated by the big jump the wholesale price of automobiles took last month in the face of a precipitous drop in sales." However, price is determined not by demand alone, but also by costs. When demand rises, retailers increase their orders from manufacturers, who in turn increase their orders from suppliers of raw materials. Suppliers of raw materials and their workers are apt to be first to seize the opportunity to raise their prices and wages. The higher costs work their way up the production-distribution pipeline, and may (superficially) appear to be unrelated to demand. This is why wholesale prices typically change direction before consumer prices, and it is the main source of the cost-push illusion regarding the source of inflation. Conversely, when demand falls, retailers and then manufacturers reduce their orders, and this puts pressure on suppliers of industrial materials to cut their prices. This is why the spot price of raw materials declined at a 23 per cent rate from March through October. While the existing inventory of cars (a three-month surplus) was built with costly materials, this should not be true of future production—barring a new shot of inflation—so the price of cars can eventually fall somewhat as sales and profits rise.

The problems of the housing industry are even more clearly due to inflation, and are not likely to be cured by more of the same. The biggest increases in housing starts have typically occurred just after periods of exceptionally slow monetary growth, and simultaneously with sharp reductions in inflation. This is because housing prices and mortgage rates decline during periods of disinflation. In 1949, when the money supply actually declined and consumer prices fell 1.8 per cent, housing starts jumped by nearly 8 per cent. Prices did not rise at all in 1954-55, and housing starts soared to a level not matched again until the disinflation of 1971. The stock market typically rises in recessions too, and for similar reasons—tight money squeezes the inflationary premium out of interest rates and makes stock and mortgage markets relatively more attractive for investors. Though it is widely assumed that recession is what ails us and inflation is the cure, the opposite is closer to the truth.

Running the Gauntlet

No one seriously believes, including those who pretend to do so, that the supposed "transgressions" of Nelson Rockefeller disqualify him from holding the office of Vice President. His gifts, his loans, his role in bringing out the book on Arthur Goldberg, all these at worst are trivialities (see also "On the Right," p. 1481). The serious case against Nelson Rockefeller (he is a big spender with a Democratic appetite for government solutions to

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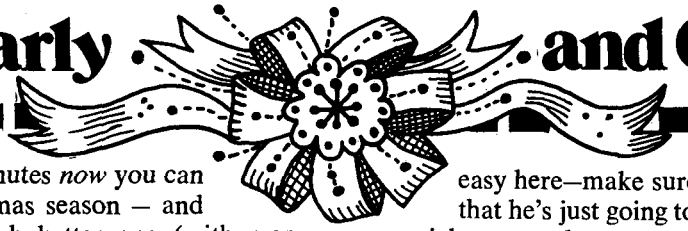

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social problems) was perfectly well known prior to any of these bogus revelations.

Despite the trivialities being explored, however, the hearings seem likely in the end to produce a rough sort of justice. Mr. Rockefeller now appears likely to be confirmed as Vice President, but the confirmation process will have diminished him to some degree as a political figure. This certainly suits the Democrats. They are only too pleased to wound, with whatever weapons, a man who might conceivably run against them in 1976. If by focusing on trivialities, some mistakes of judgment, and a lot of bogus charges, they can strip Rockefeller of charisma and much esteem in 1974, well, so much the better from their standpoint for 1976.

Republican conservatives, for their part, have watched this process go forward with a good deal of equanimity. Conservatives have not, by and large, attacked Rockefeller lately—but they have not leaped to his defense either. If Rockefeller is going to be some sort of a contender in 1976—and that would seem to be the only reason he has been willing to undergo the present ordeal —then conservatives will not be displeased to see him diminished to a degree by the events of 1974.

Nevertheless, the confirmation hearings do present a pretty sorry spectacle. Rockefeller is rich, we have always known that. But the interest of his inquisitors in the details of his fortune has crossed the border into the lewd. Throughout the hearings and their coverage the great democratic vice of envy has been very much on display. What pleasure a diminished Rockefeller will derive from the office of the Vice Presidency, by the time he reaches it, he will certainly have earned.

Depression Reading

I own an old encyclopedia:
It's Funk & Wagnalls, 1931.
It limns John Quincy Adams' last hurrah
And how the deed at Salamis was done.
There's data on the famous Gatling gun
And Michelangelo's amazing brush.
You learn about Attila and the Hun
Plus (if you swing that way) the English thrush.
Since this is '31, one doesn't blush
About activities best left unsaid.
You'd never know that Poe was such a lush;
You'd never guess what Catherine did in bed.
But most of all it's fun to read it through
Because it stops at 1932.

W. H. von Dreele

Watergate Trial

Upon his resignation as Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski gave it as his opinion that at the trial of the six Watergate defendants the truth about the role of former President Nixon would emerge. It would do so, he said, despite Nixon's pardon. Whatever else the trial may be accomplishing, it is at least confirming Jaworski's judgment. Taped conversations between Nixon and his top aides involve the former President in the coverup from its earliest stages. Taped conversations between Nixon and Charles Colson, and between Nixon and Haldeman and Ehrlichman, demonstrate that Nixon did offer assurances of executive clemency to the original Watergate defendants.

Though much of the evidence so far presented is prima facie highly incriminating, some who have followed the trial closely tend to doubt that a verdict of guilty will actually be returned. In the first place, the government has yet to secure a conviction in a notable conspiracy trial. The conspiracy law is complex, and juries have resisted it. Second, the taped evidence, incriminating though it may appear to students of the case, is also tedious for long periods. One important presentation lasted for nine hours, and the key passages had to be extracted from the surrounding irrelevancies. Doubts exist about the impression all of this is making on the jury.

Finally, there is the impact Mr. Nixon himself is having on the trial, though this is difficult to weigh. It is important psychologically, if not legally, that the central figure in the conspiracy, Nixon himself, has been pardoned and cannot be brought to trial. He has also been declared too ill to testify at present, and though he may later be able to testify in some form, this remains doubtful. If Nixon does not testify, defense lawyers will certainly argue that such testimony was vital to their case.

For all of these reasons, close students of the trial are inclining to the view that it may result in a hung jury. Even if a verdict of guilty is returned, however, enough bases for appeal have now been accumulated to ensure that the appeal process will extend through the tricentennial.

Bleeding the Goose

A Senate subcommittee reports that seven major U.S. oil companies paid less than 5 per cent of their worldwide income in U.S. income taxes in 1972, and 29 per cent in foreign taxes. "It is difficult enough to live with their obscene profits," said Senator Henry Jackson, "but it is against all sense of equity and decency to permit them to enjoy such profits while not paying their fair share of taxes."

Senator Jackson will be glad to learn that oil profits are becoming increasingly less obscene (true decency is a big loss), but falling oil profits are bad news for consumers. Capital investments by the oil industry increased by $3.5 billion in the first nine months—totaling $1.9 billion more than profits—and the number of completed oil wells rose by 27 per cent. These encouraging de-

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velopments cannot continue with lower profits. The American Petroleum Institute's survey of 23 leading oil companies shows industry profits down 3 per cent from the second to the third quarter. Oil industry profits were 6.9 per cent of sales in the third quarter, according to First National City Bank, down from 8.1 per cent a year earlier. Easy come, easy go.

The use of tax data from 1972 and earlier is rather irrelevant to the brief windfall profits of 1973-74, since 1972 was one of the least profitable years in oil industry history. But U.S. taxes are still a small portion of world-wide profits, mainly because U.S. profits are also relatively small. Eighty per cent of the oil companies' profits in the first half of the year came from foreign operations, and had nothing to do with prices or tax breaks on domestic oil.

We could, of course, try to impose stiffer U.S. taxes on profits from, say, sales of gasoline in Europe, just as we could try to add full U.S. taxes on top of the taxes that all other American companies and residents of foreign countries are required to pay. In that case, U.S. oil companies would pay much higher taxes on foreign operations than would their foreign-based rivals such as Shell, BP, ENI, and the new nationalized oil producers. Unable to compete, U.S. oil multinationals would then be compelled either to cease to be multinationals or to be U.S. corporations. Since many U.S. multinationals have most of their assets outside this country, the choice would not be easy. Or they might simply be bought by foreign firms, as were Signal Oil and most of Standard of Ohio. But what would Senator Jackson do for recreation if he didn't have the oil companies to kick around any more?

Vietnam Detente

Certain Buddhist elements have been in opposition to the Thieu government in South Vietnam all along, but now they have been joined by Catholic leaders and this could become very dangerous indeed.

What began last year as a movement with a specific, fairly limited, and even laudable objective has escalated into a virtually full scale war in the midst of the larger war. After the recent spate of resignations, Father Thanh, the leader of the Anti-Corruption Coalition, said: "When a few province chiefs were transferred I was asked whether the movement was satisfied. I answered, 'never.' And when four cabinet ministers resigned, I was asked the same question and also answered, 'never.' Now, after three corps commanders have been transferred, I was asked the same question. I still have the same answer, 'never.'" The only thing that *will* satisfy him now is Thieu's own resignation. To which Thieu replied that attempts to oust him would, wittingly or unwittingly, serve the Communists.

Certainly, the chances that someone else could step into the presidency right now and make a go of it are small. Thieu's present term is up in October 1975. Whether he will survive till then depends largely on what happens this winter. There were reports a few months ago that Red China and the Soviet Union had halved their military aid to North Vietnam, lest detente suffer from a flare-up of the war. Whether that was merely a ruse on the part of the Communists, or whether North Vietnam has decided to ignore its allies' wishes, Hanoi is now, according to various captured documents, planning a major offensive during the dry season, which runs from about now to early spring.

Discarded Lion

The one thing clear about this autumn's events in Ethiopia is that no one, inside or outside that country, understands exactly what is going on, or why. It has long been realized that the regime of the aged Lion of Judah, Emperor Haile Selassie, was disintegrating under a variety of pressures: from the Eritrean rebels, the standard student dissidents, the dissatisfied military, and workers and peasants to whose lot three years of sub-Saharan drought have added starvation on top of eternal poverty. So there was no particular surprise when the Emperor was ousted on September 12. General Aman Michael Andom (also a lion—the "Desert Lion") was presented by the putschists as "Chairman of the Provisional Military Council," ostensibly chief of a shadowy provisional government. It soon appeared that General Aman was really an Ethiopian General Spínola, and not really in charge. The boss seemed to be Major Mengistu Haile-Mariam, first Vice Chairman of the PMC and

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

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head of the "coordinating committee" that was actually running things. Suddenly, without prior warning, the announcement came from the coordinating committee that General Aman and sixty other prominent persons —from the reports of machine-gunning there may have been many more—had been shot. A rumor followed—and has not yet been convincingly denied—that Haile Selassie was also among the dead.

Part of the motive for this bloody coup was doubtless personal rivalry between Aman and Mengistu. Part was the African habit of sealing political defeat by death. Another part was a dispute between Aman and Mengistu on how to deal with the Eritrean rebels—Aman favoring an attempt at conciliation, Mengistu advocating stepped up military countermeasures. But it seems certain that deeper political cleavages were involved. Aman, though he turned against the Emperor, was, like Spínola, relatively moderate in political outlook. He had shown himself on the whole friendly to the United States, which has had a close relationship with Ethiopia since the war. (It is rumored that Aman secretly visited the U.S. a few weeks ago.) All this made him the main obstacle to the more radical military elements (the former Imperial Bodyguard, the air force, and the engineers) and the more or less Maoist student movement. In a series of briefings just before the killings, Mengistu called for cooperation "with our East African brothers" and indicated closer relations with the Arab states. The students' spokesmen have gone much further, demanding "the establishment of a provisional people's republic, the granting of all democratic rights, and a fundamental change in the socioeconomic structure of society. Land must belong to the tillers." The issue now would seem to be analogous to that in Portugal: will the leftish Major Mengistu be willing and able to hold back the openly revolutionary hard Left?

H. L. Hunt, R I P

A lot has been written about H. L. Hunt. Mostly, people are fascinated by his great wealth. Everywhere, he is identified as a tough conservative. Concerning his wealth, there is no question. Concerning his political preferences, there is no question that he was a capitalist, and a believer in capitalism. The conclusion must be resisted, however, that because a) he was wealthy and b) pro-capitalist, he was therefore c) a force for conservatism in the United States. Unfortunately, he did more to vulgarize, than to glamorize, human and economic freedom. He never outgrew the notion that because he knew more than anybody else about where to sink an oil bit in search for oil, it must follow that he knew more than anybody else about how to spread the gospel of human freedom, or how to understand that gospel. Accordingly, after a short period in the early Fifties during which he succeeded in humiliating every literate conservative with whom he came into contact, he took it all over himself, and produced and distributed cloddish books and pamphlets which conservatives ambitious to attract a young and sensitive generation to the ideals of freedom, could only hope would go widely unread. In this respect, Providence was kind. If there is anyone in the world who was ever moved to give serious thought to the problems of the twentieth century by reading *Alpaca*, the chances are he was on Mr. Hunt's payroll.

But beyond that it remains true that Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, for all his intellectual and temperamental failings, was a great figure in the capitalist world: a Babe Ruth of sorts, who came through with home run after home run, creating a huge fortune. In a competitive world, that means that for every dollar he made, other dollars were made, and paid out to, hundreds of thousands of Americans who benefited from his geological insights and organizational genius. Although an embarrassment to conservatism, he was good for America.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO OUR READERS
FROM WFB

The next scheduled issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (January 3) will not be published. The experience of almost twenty years suggests that the holiday issue is widely neglected—too much to do. We will resume with the next issue in January, a specially large issue. All subscribers will automatically be given an extra issue at the end of their subscription period.

■

November 1, 1974

The Honorable Jacob Javits
Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

A copy of a letter you apparently wrote on October 16, 1974, to Mr. Robert Elkon of 1063 Madison Avenue is attached as Exhibit C in a Reply of WNCN Listener's Guild to Opposition to Starr WNCN, Inc., filed before the Federal Communications Commission.

The letter is a strange blend of ignorance and malice, and I can only hope that although it bore your signature, it was in fact the work of a subordinate who is inexperienced in the law, and in ethics.

You wrote to Elkon: "In May 1973, when Starr Broadcasting purchased WNCN-FM, a pledge was made to continue the classical music format of the station which had been in operation since 1957. This pledge has been violated. . . ."

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Starr Broadcasting made no such "pledge." No "pledges" are called for under the Communications Act, or under the practices of the FCC. The relevant form (FCC's #314) used in connection with a petition for a transfer of license, uses the following language (Section IV-A Page i, 3. C.): "Replies relating to future operation constitute *representations* against which the subsequent operation of the station will be measured. Accordingly, if during the license period the station substantially alters its programming format or commercial practices, the licensee should notify the Commission of such changes; otherwise it is presumed the station is being operated substantially as last proposed."

Starr Broadcasting, in its application for transfer of WNCN, used the following language, which I quote in its entirety: "Proposed Program Format: Assignee *proposes* entertainment consisting primarily of: classical, concert, and symphonic musical format. The percentage of time devoted to the musical format will be about 70 per cent of the total broadcast time."

Starr proceeded, over a period of almost 18 months, to do exactly what it proposed. Notwithstanding its efforts, the operation continued to lose a great deal of money. The format change, under such circumstances, is altogether routine, and has been acknowledged as such, in effect, by the FCC which voted unanimously that no irregularities had been discovered.

You go on to Mr. Elkon: "I have called upon the Commission to institute license revocation proceedings against Starr Broadcasting because of the apparent misrepresentations made at the time of the purchase of the station." My comment: 1) There were no misrepresentations. 2) There were no apparent misrepresentations. 3) Before a servant of the law "calls upon" an administrative agency to impose what would amount to a $2-million penalty, one should proceed to establish that there were indeed misrepresentations, and that these were of such grave character as to justify the ultimate penalty provided under the law. I feel a little conspicuous lecturing to a professional civil libertarian about civil liberties, to a lawyer about the law, and to a legislator about legislation, but I am, as you will have noted, doggedly patient in the ongoing challenge of instructing you on everything you don't know. However, I hasten to add that although the barbarous letter bears your signature, it is only *apparently* your signature, and I would under the circumstances accept an apology from your subordinate if the letter was his, rather than your, miscreation. Yours cordially,

Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

All during the summer of 1973 I listened to the members of the Senate Watergate Committee and they constantly spoke about *c ō v e r t* acts, pronouncing the "o" as an "ō." After my first surprise, I decided some one had pronounced it this way and so everybody did likewise in order not to be in the position of offending or correcting such an august personage as a senator.

Last night to my surprise I found you too were pronouncing it that way. The word is "cŏvert," like "cŏver," "cŏvet," "cŏvey." It is pronounced "cōvert" only in connection with a type of cloth. What dictionary do you cite for your pronunciation? Sincerely yours,

Susan H. Baker
New York

Dear Miss Baker: Webster's . . . as it happens. On the larger point, I recall an answer given by the late Professor Willmoore Kendall under similar circumstances. "Madam, when people get around to writing dictionaries, they come to people like me to decide what to put into them." Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear William,

Hi my name is Frank McNamee. Im in the seventh grade. I'm a 86 student in Reading. Im a Republican, also, I watch "Firing Line." Its cool. Do you know what antidisestablishmentarianism means? My Brother and Dad are successful business men. My dad is a supervisor in M. A. Brudk and Sons. My brother is an Assistant Manager at Beneficial Savings Bank. He says He likes to be around money. He subscribes to the National Review. I have a hobby of writing letters to artists and famous People like Yourself. I chose you out of the President, and Milton Shapp. (He's one of them Demo's) or (Radicals). People say I'm crazy for writing to a famous guy like you. But I don't know. Where you on the Yale Football team? Sir, I hate to bother you but could I have your autograph to show my Democratic Social Studies teacher please? Thank you.

Sincerely,
Frankie McNamee
8448 Jackson St.
Philadelphia Pa 19136

PS If you decide that you will write to me Please write Frankie because my Pop has the same name. And I would like to open my own mail. Thank you.

Dear Frankie:

1) Yes, I know what antidisestablishmentarianism means, and I'm for it, which I bet your Democratic Social Studies teacher isn't. 2) My Dad was a successful business man too, but I'm not. I like to be around money too, which makes me wonder what I'm doing at NATIONAL REVIEW. 3) I am glad you chose me out of the President, and Milton Shapp, and I don't think you're crazy for doing so, just smart, as your Reading score suggests. 4) No, I whasn't on the Yale Football team, but I whas on the Yale newspaper. 5) I attach my autograph for your Democratic Social Studies teacher. Tell her please not to use it to register me as a Pennsylvania Democrat. What else do they teach you how to do at the Democratic Social Studies courses in Philadelphia? Yours sincerely, —WFB

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Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Lose??? Never!!!

WASHINGTON—OK everybody, follow the little white bouncing ball and sing along with all the gusto you can grab:

Win! Win! Win!
We'll win together, win together,
That's the true American way, today.
Who needs inflation?
Not this nation!
Who's going to pass it by?
You are, and so am I.
Win together; lose??? Never!!!
If you can win, so can I!

Where are you, Cole Porter, now that we really need you to serve on the President's Council of Economic Advisers?

The lyrics you have just flinched from reading all the way through are the lyrics to the new official WIN (for the last time, that stands for Whip Inflation Now) fight song, the latest blow dealt inflation by the Ford Administration. Meredith Willson of *Music Man* fame —"76 Trombones" and all that—composed this hymn to the national effort. Russell Freeberg, director of something called "The Citizens' Committee to Fight Inflation," incited Mr. Meredith to produce "an 'up' tune" for these down times. Freeberg explains: "The idea is to rally people as they were rallied for World War II." The Marine Corps Band has made a tape of it. Usually reliable sources say Mr. Ford is nuts about it.

IN A TOWN where Congressman Wilbur Mills is considered a serious statesman, it is not easy to seem silly. But Mr. Ford, with a little help from friends like Mr. Freeberg, is well on his way. And this is no laughing matter. There is a growing sense of sober dismay about Mr. Ford's inability to devise economic policies as serious as the nation's economic problems are generally thought to be. Consider, for example, Mr. Ford's list of $4.6-billion worth of budget cuts for fiscal year 1975, which began July 1. The cuts Mr. Ford has asked Congress to make would require 135 separate votes by a Congress that has been batting Mr. Ford's vetoes back at him like line drives. And this is the 93rd Congress, which doesn't have time in its remaining hours to do what it doesn't have the will to do anyway. The 94th Congress—more Democratic, more liberal, more feisty—will be even less receptive to the list of budget cuts.

One reason why Congress will not go along with the budget cuts is that the Administration admits that the cuts would be mere gestures, significant only as tokens of frugality. Roy Ash, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, has said, all too plausibly, that a $5-billion cut might—and then again it might not—trim one-tenth of 1 per cent from the rate of inflation. Given that assumption, and given the certainty that the requested budget cuts would aggravate unemployment and injure some citizens who are especially vulnerable to injury ($3.1 billion of the proposed $4.6 billion in cuts involve social programs), Congress can hardly be expected to buckle down to making 135 decisions that would be painful to some people and not significantly effective in reducing inflation.

As this is written, Mr. Ford has been President for four months—one-third of a year, one-twelfth of a full term. He has not yet devised a convincing policy for coping with what he correctly identifies as the nation's principal problem, the combination of inflation and recession. True, on October 8 he presented a "package" of 31 economic proposals to Congress, and in his December 2 press conference he urged Congress to act on his proposals. But he knows that the surcharge proposal is dead. So today Mr. Ford seems prepared to stick with an economic program that consists of bits and pieces of his October 8 program—which, on October 8, he described as a program that would be ineffective or even counterproductive if Congress treated it as a laundry list, accepting only bits and pieces.

This said, it is only fair to say also that Mr. Ford's budget cutting requests can be defended on two grounds, in spite of the fact that they will get nowhere in this or the next Congress. Indeed, the first thing to be said for them is that they will get nowhere in Congress. This will help Mr. Ford to force Congress to build a record of refusing to do the budget cutting that so many of the representatives and senators, in their campaigns this fall, promised to do. Mr. Ford, unlike his predecessor, appears willing to back a policy that he knows Congress will reject. He knows that this is the most forthright way to demonstrate the differences between his Republican Administration and the Democratic Congress, and also to demonstrate a difference between the Republican and Democratic parties. Second, Mr. Ford knows that the Congress has no stomach for the $3.1 billion in budget cuts that would affect food stamps and medical care for the elderly, but he also knows that there can be no significant budget cutting unless such domestic welfare programs are cut.

THE ARITHMETIC is simple and, like most simple arithmetic, unambiguous. In the last decade the federal budget has increased 157 per cent. Defense spending has increased only 64 per cent. Other spending has increased 235 per cent. In 1956 the defense budget was equal to 9.3 per cent of the GNP. In 1968 it was equal to 9.4 per cent. Today it is equal to 5.9 per cent. The unpalatable and hence generally ignored fact is that most of the fat is gone from the defense budget. The other department budgets that make up the total federal budget may not be fat—talk of "fat" and "lean" budgets does not help much—but they do involve programs like medical services and food stamps which are more or less optional. They represent congressional choices. Mr. Ford, by submitting his list of requested budget cuts, has begun the arduous process of reminding the American people that the budget cannot be cut unless Congress does it. The next election may be decided on this issue: do Americans want to be governed by the Republican Party, as defined by Mr. Ford's budget cutting choices, or by the Democratic Party, as defined by Congress' different choices—whatever they turn out to be? □

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Some Missiles Are More Equal...

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

HENRY KISSINGER'S opening remarks on the Vladivostok nuclear agreement should be taken, I would guess, as more a PR plug for a new client than a serious estimate. Presidents these days fancy a global image, and Gerald Ford has got a lot of transoceanic mileage to make up, and many a photographed toast to drink with the rulers of the earthly kingdoms, before he will be able to internationalize that Grand Rapids grin.

If, between try-ons of those endangered wolf skins, there was indeed a "breakthrough," it is not clear who broke through into what. Both the official communiqué handed down from the Summit and the words of official spokesmen were blanketed in diplomatic fog. The nearest Secretary Kissinger came to specificity was in his statement that, for the next ten years, the agreement sets a "cap" on the number of strategic nuclear weapons that each side may possess: "fewer than 2,500" (it turns out to be 2,400), of which "about 1,200" (read "1,320") may be MIRVed (that is, equipped with multiple, independently targeted warheads). Why this initial coyness over the *exact* numbers? If there had been agreement about the exact numbers, why should it have been shrouded in "fewer thans" and "abouts"? And if there had not been, why shouldn't we have been told so? More generally: why should there have been, or be—for the President's gloss was not a model of Fordian candor—*any* secret about *any* of the terms of the Vladivostok agreement?

The How and Why of Deals

Accepting, however, the figures we now have, let us consider some of the implications. The methodological principle assumed is "equality": 50-50. If a deal is in truth desirable, this seems to be not only the fair but the only possible basis on which a deal could be arrived at in practice. We all know this from our own experience in making deals. Moscow and Washington could argue until doomsday about how this and that geopolitical difference requires my side to have X more strategic weapons than your side. But if they are really going to make a deal, both will finally say: the hell with it; it's got to be even-steven.

In the strategic arms business, there is a still prior assumption. If you are stronger by a quantum gap than the other chap, and if you intend to stay that way, there is no point in your even trying to make a deal. You don't need a deal; you are, simply, the stronger, and that is that. He is either going to accept that relationship, in which case a deal is useless, or try to change it, in which case the deal would be fraudulent.

If you have in the past been the stronger party, therefore, your readiness to make a deal presupposes that you either have already lost your superiority, or are unable or unwilling to maintain it.

If you have been and still are the weaker party, the implications are not so clearcut. Your readiness for a deal *might* mean, as for the stronger, that you are willing to accept equality. However, it also might mean that you figure a temporary (ten years, say) 50-50 deal will give you an ideal chance to draw even while the stronger side slackens, after which you will be in position to forge ahead at your own pace. And it might also mean that you intend to cheat.

Then there is the question of what "equal number" means as applied to strategic nuclear weapons. Vladivostok defines "one" such weapon to mean either a land-based ICBM or a submarine-carried long range nuclear missile or a long range aircraft capable of carrying a nuclear warhead. The limiting ("cap") number is thus the sum of the numbers of the units in these three (and only these three) categories.

But of course these three categories are not identical—we are adding X oranges, Y apples, and Z pears—nor are the weapons within each category. Moreover, strategic missiles of all categories differ in both the power and the number of the warheads they can launch. The latter difference was taken partly into account at Vladivostok by the cap placed on the number of missiles that may be MIRVed. The power factor (throw weight) was not put into the equation.

There is more to that asymmetry than at first meets the eye. Soviet ICBMs have on average much greater throw weight than ours. Nevertheless, the agreement counts each of them as one—even those like the SS-9 or the new SS-17/18/19 series, which have from three to ten times the throw weight (i.e., destructive payload) of our Minuteman. Thus the agreement recognizes and in effect freezes Soviet superiority in nuclear firepower.

At present the Soviets do not have any MIRVed warheads, but they are about ready for the changeover. Far from freezing our current MIRV superiority (we are said to have about 700 or 800 missiles already armed with MIRVed warheads), the agreement permits both sides to MIRV up to 1,320 missiles. Because of its greater throw weight potential, a big Soviet missile can handle several times as many of the MIRVed warheads as our missiles can. The agreement leaves it open for the Soviets to add MIRV superiority to their existing throw weight superiority.

A Pig in a Poke?

There is, finally, the matter of verification. Even if they are called treaties, deals that do not include adequate means of verifying performance of their terms are scraps of paper. Although through satellites and other sophisticated surveillance techniques we know a lot about Soviet strategic weapons, we do not and will not know as much as our security requires without on-site inspection. It would seem elementary that an arms accord that cannot be adequately monitored is worthless.

In summary, then, there are three critical questions to which I hope I may assume Congress will seek satisfactory answers before committing us to the Spirit of Siberia: 1) Are we as a nation indeed ready to renounce the goal of strategic superiority? 2) Granted strategic equality, is that in truth what the terms of this agreement would assure us? 3) Granted that they would, how will we know whether they are being complied with? □

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GENESIS 1:28 AND ALL THAT

'. . . it was doubtless received with a deep sigh of relief by many scientists, delighted to hear from the lips of the UCLA historian that pollution was not their fault because it could safely be blamed on the Church. . . .'

Christianity and Ecology

R. V. YOUNG JR.

"THE SCIENCE, the art, the jurisprudence, the chief political and social theories, of the modern world," wrote T. H. Huxley, "have grown out of those of Greece and Rome—not by favor of, but in the teeth of, the fundamental teachings of early Christianity, to which science, art, and any serious occupation with the things of this world, were alike despicable." As an historical observation this comment by the famous apologist for Darwin is, at best, a caricature, and yet it is undeniably a fair representation of the consensus of the liberal intelligentsia since the time of the Enlightenment. One thinks of Voltaire and Gibbon, of Bentham and Mill, and in our own century of Russell and Dewey (not to mention a number of prominent "Christian" theologians). For more than two centuries, the Christian faith has been bitterly and contemptuously depicted as the enemy of science and, worse still, of "progress." Although the sources of the attack have varied and it has taken different forms, the nature of the accusations has always been virtually the same: Christianity, its opponents have maintained, is superstitious and reactionary; it is a restraint upon the development of human capacities and the fulfillment of human desires. Thus Sigmund Freud predicted that "by withdrawing his expectations from the other world and concentrating all his liberated energies on this earthly life he [man] will probably attain to a state of things in which life will be tolerable for all and no one will be oppressed by culture any more."

In recent years, however, the alternative of secular liberalism—a "religion" compounded of egalitarian democracy and scientific technology—has lost some of its luster. The good ship *Progress* seems to have foundered on the shoals of environmental pollution and the cultural decay born of massive industrialization and urbanization. The scarred countenance of a blighted earth, the dull stare of urban and suburban sprawl, utterly lacking the atmosphere of a community—the world has looked upon these things and found them very ugly indeed. A reasonable response to this state of affairs would be to review critically the assumptions underlying the cult of progress, and perhaps even to repent of the derision heaped upon Christianity and revealed religion in general for its naive insistence on the importance of the "other world."

But reason is the last thing one can expect from unchecked rationalism. It has proven more congenial to the forces of secularism to find a scapegoat, and, in the venerable tradition of Nero, Christianity has become the chosen victim. In a consummately ironic reversal, the spokesmen for secular liberalism, who have for generations been promising the attainment of the earthly paradise through the submission of all problems to state-controlled technology, who have continually overlooked the direct

Mr. Young is an assistant professor at North Carolina State University and has a PhD from Yale.

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relationship between the much deplored "materialism" of the American public at large and their own position of philosophical materialism, are now blaming the untoward aspects of applied science and industrialism on Christianity—the same Christianity which has so long been scorned as the enemy of progress.

In an era dominated by printed and broadcast journalism of unsurpassed vulgarity and hysteria, such a promulgation of a big lie is not at all surprising; however, there is cause for consternation when scholars of international reputation add the weight of their prestige to the onus cast upon the Christian faith. Among the neopagan ecologic screeds of recent years, two are notable for the scholarly eminence of their authors: Lynn White Jr., "The Historical Roots of Our Ecologic Crisis," in *Science*, March 10, 1967, and Arnold J. Toynbee, "The Genesis of Pollution," in *Horizon*, Summer 1973. Indeed, the former seems to have provided the crucial spark for the wildfire of distortion, perversity, and sheer nonsense regarding the religious element in our current preoccupation with environment. White's paper was first delivered as an address at the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1966, and it was doubtless received with a deep sigh of relief by many scientists, delighted to hear from the lips of the UCLA historian that pollution was not their fault because it could safely be blamed on the Church. Since then, the paper has been widely quoted (even plagiarized), providing a new focus for collective guilt among Christianity's more modish adherents as well as new ammunition for its old-fashioned enemies. After its initial appearance in *Horizon*, the Toynbee article received further attention through republication (in a slightly abridged version) in the *New York Times Magazine* last October.

To be sure, it must be conceded that White, Toynbee, and the host of lesser lights have a good prima facie case: modern technology and industrialism, which furnish the most important material cause of our pollution problem, have (obviously) developed within the area once called Christendom; and there are in addition various assertions of human domination over the earthly Creation sprinkled throughout the Scriptures. White points out that "both modern technology and modern science are distinctively *Occidental*" (his emphasis), and Toynbee traces the "genesis of pollution" to "one sentence in the Bible: 'And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth'" (Genesis 1:28). Both men maintain that Judaeo-Christian monotheism, with its concept of a transcendent, supernatural deity, has served to deprive nature of its sacredness and hence of the awe accorded it by paganism. "Man's greedy impulse to exploit nature," writes Toynbee, "used to be held in check by his worship of nature. This primitive inhibition has been removed by the rise and spread of monotheism." And White argues: "By destroying pagan animism, Christianity made it possible to exploit nature in a mood of indifference to the feelings of natural objects." Toynbee exhorts us, then, to recover the pre-monotheistic mentality of our pagan ancestors, or of the Orient: "the remedy lies in reverting from the *Weltanschauung* of monotheism to the *Weltanschauung* of pantheism." White, who proclaims himself a "churchman" without specifying any denominational attachment, is a bit more subtle. He is doubtful that most Americans will be quick to embrace Zen Buddhism and counsels instead that we "ponder the greatest radical in Christian history since Christ: Saint Francis of Assisi." St. Francis, it seems, "tried to depose man from his monarchy over creation and set up a democracy of all God's creatures." Toynbee, likewise, has a good word for St. Francis, who, though "an unquestioning Yahwist," loved nonhuman creatures despite "the directive of the first chapter of Genesis." Toynbee also allows that Christ himself was in the same class with the Buddha as a religious leader. Both he and White are obviously pushing the fashionable idea that the Church which canonized St. Francis really regards him as a heretic, that most of those who call themselves "Christians" have no knowledge of Christ.

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Despite the condescending approval of Christ and St. Francis, contempt for the Christian faith, as it has been handed down through the centuries, is the attitude which emerges from both articles. As the notion of Christian culpability for pollution spreads out among more popular journals, even the superficial courtesies disappear. Wayne H. Davis, a professor of zoology at the University of Kentucky, who has evidently been influenced by White's essay, takes time out from his lament for the "Death of a Small Stream in Lexington, Kentucky" to ridicule the architecture of churches as "man-made structures with their spires pointing helplessly in the wrong direction." "Is it not every bit as logical," he continues, "to worship the solid earth beneath your feet from which the mystery of life springs eternal with each vernal equinox as to have to imagine some unseen being in the sky?"

Out of this dizzying environmentalist brew, two basic propositions may be distilled: 1) Christian doctrine has engendered a feeling toward nature which has caused exploitation and pollution; and 2) the answer to this problem lies in restoring the awe for nature which has characterized pagan and pantheistic cultures. It is more convenient to begin with the latter proposition since it is so easily refuted. In the first place neither pagan polytheism nor Oriental pantheism (and I do not believe that *all* Oriental religions are pantheistic) can be said to worship "nature"; moreover, polytheism and pantheism are not even remotely the same thing. The pagans worshiped specific, concrete objects or forces and the spirits thought to be in them; the abstract concept of nature—the interlocking system on which, among other things, the science of ecology depends—is not compatible with the worship of localized, autono-

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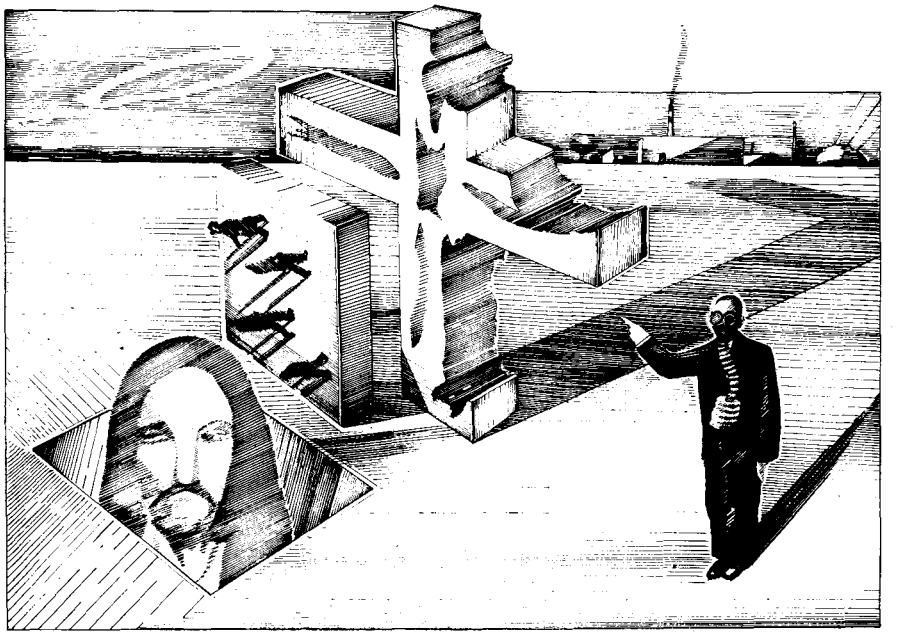
mous "gods," whose wills may be in conflict (if we are to believe Homer). Pantheism, on the other hand, is the belief that God is immanent in the universe rather than transcendent, but nature is not therefore regarded as divine; to the contrary, the phenomenal world is viewed as an illusion, the realm of *maya*, imprisoning the spirit whose goal is to escape into the oneness of *nirvana*.



IN ANY case, neither the ancient religions of the West nor the various religions of the East have proven immune to the temptations of technology. Lynn White, apparently without noticing the fatal consequences for his own argument, points out that "for six millennia at least, the banks of the lower Nile have been a human artifact rather than the swampy African jungle which nature, apart from man, would have made it." Now during the last six thousand years Egypt has been a virtual carnival of various religions, but for long stretches the ancient Egyptians literally worshiped the Nile. And yet is a more drastic transformation of the environment (coastal wetlands at that!) conceivable? Sir Albert Howard, who pioneered organic farming in England, has noted, in the first chapter of *An Agricultural Testament*, the destructive agricultural methods of pagan Rome. As for the Oriental religions, we have had in the last hundred years the example of the dispatch with which Japan has embraced technology and industrialism. Toynbee notices this anomaly, and his response may cause the reader to rub his eyes in wonder: "Japan's present plight illustrates the truth that the evil consequences of monotheism's revolutionary overthrow of the traditional balance between man and nature can work havoc even where monotheism has never gained any appreciable foothold." In other words, monotheism has had an evil effect even where it has had almost no effect at all. I suspect that a less doctrinaire thinker might have taken Japan as an illustration of the truth that the connection between monotheism and pollution is accidental rather than essential, for Japan was fully industrialized long before World War II when—to put it mildly—the old religion was still very strong.

But of course this part of the argument is, finally, beside the point: it is absurd to assume that we can regain the frame of mind fundamental to pagan or pantheistic worship. Wayne Davis' complaint notwithstanding, it is not at all "logical" to worship "the solid earth beneath your feet" (strictly speaking it is not "logical" to worship anything, since our knowledge of the need to worship is born of revelation or intuition and not inferred from a chain of propositions—a scientist ought to be more careful about his diction). Although it is true, as Davis insists, that all living things are "interdependent upon one another" (*sic*), it is hardly "self-evident" that they are all "created equal." The Biblical assertion that God gave man "dominion over the works of [His] hands" (Psalms 8:6) is simply a statement of fact. Professor Davis, who, as a zoologist, must be engaged in the study and classification of animals, would doubtless be quite perplexed were his laboratory specimens to begin classifying his colleagues and him. Men no longer worship nature, because it is the origin of nature itself, and not the various manifestations of it, which constitutes the essential mystery. For this reason the "democracy of all God's creatures" is a delusion. Both White and Davis declare that Darwin should have convinced us that we are merely part of the natural process, but if this were true, there would be no occasion for essays deploring man's violation of that very same process. Indeed, there would be no Darwin and no essays at all: none of St. Francis' birds ever published a treatise explaining the origin of *his* species.

WE ARE NOW brought back to the initial proposition of the White-Toynbee thesis: if their solution to the problem is unfeasible (not to say absurd), what of their analysis of the problem itself? Given the obvious truth that Christianity (and the entire Judaeo-Christian tradition) asserts unequivocally the preeminence of man in the earthly Creation, does it necessarily follow that Christianity leads to exploitation of nature? To deal with this issue we must address ourselves to three questions: 1) What is Christian doctrine regarding the relation between man and the material world? 2) What attitude toward nature has Christianity produced in its followers? And 3) what are the basic Christian assumptions about science, technology, and nature in contrast to those of secular materialism and neopagan environmentalism?

Let us begin by observing that dominance or mastery does not imply tyranny

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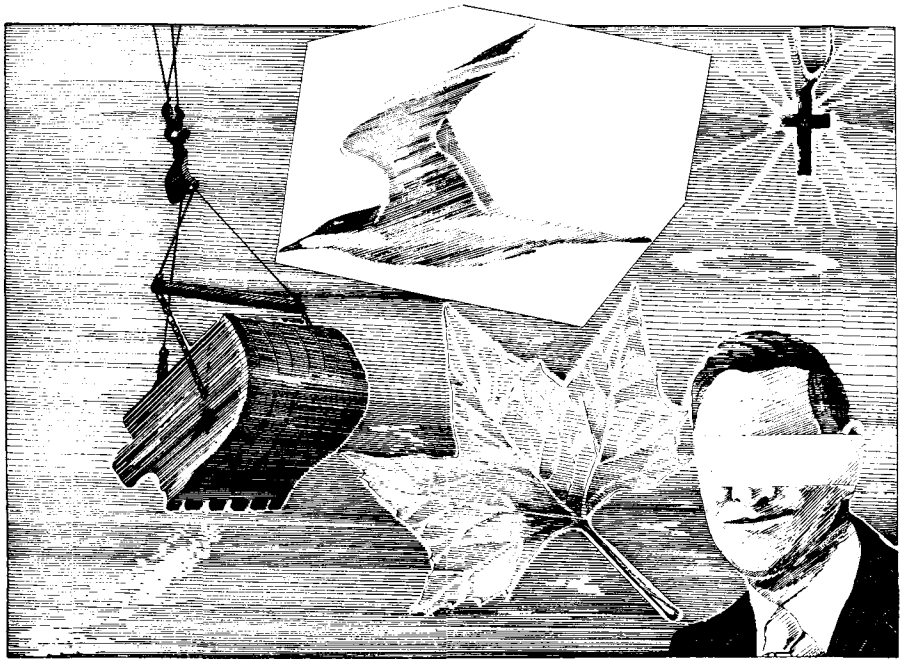
It is in the "post-Christian" world that unbridled industrialism and the religion of "progress" have triumphed; but only in the face of an impressive Christian protest

and spoliation; it is possible to rule wisely. In any case, Genesis 1:28 is hardly the whole of the Bible. Had Professor Toynbee troubled to read verse 31 of the same chapter, he would have found these words: "And God saw everything he had made, and, behold, it was very good." Taken in context, God's "directive" to Adam appears to be a commission to steward the divine handiwork rather than a license to destroy it. What is more, Christianity (as past critics never tired of pointing out) is a religion of a marked otherworldly character—a religion demanding of its adherents at least temperance, if not asceticism. If all Americans were, in this sense alone, good Christians, our pollution problems would be significantly diminished: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on," said Christ. "Consider the lilies how they grow. They toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these" (Luke 12:22, 27). But of greatest importance is the fact that Christianity is the religion of the Incarnation. It is the faith that teaches that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us" (John 1:14); moreover, this Incarnation is reenacted in the Eucharist through the fruits of the earth—bread and wine. Such is the measure of the Christian "contempt" for the earthly Creation.

Now it is true that the industrial revolution and the applied science which made it possible are both products of the Western world—of Christendom; and it is also true that industrialism is the material cause of most pollution and depletion of resources. This is the high card in the White-Toynbee hand, but when we call for details we find them to be bluffing: under scrutiny such evidence as they offer will not sustain a shadow of the case they bring against Christianity. Even Professor Toynbee seems at least vaguely aware of a crucial flaw in his argument. As he points out: "The application of science to technology and the consequent outbreak of the Industrial Revolution lagged about 26 centuries behind the probable date of the compilation of the Book of Genesis." Furthermore, as Toynbee proceeds to show, "the directive given in Genesis" was not carried out until a period when Christianity was challenged and its influence diminished by the growth of the secularist religion of progress. In short, Western Europeans only began to act in accord with Toynbee's version of Genesis when they had stopped believing in the divine inspiration of that document. Here is a formidable hurdle in the path of Toynbee's argument, but he never hesitates: "The answer to all these questions is that the injunction to subdue the earth was bound to remain a dead letter 'until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled,' and this occurred when Western Christian Gentiles succeeded in enhancing the potency of human technology to a degree that gave Westerners and their non-Western pupils mastery over the rest of nature." I hope the reader will savor the exquisite subtlety of this passage: Professor Toynbee has concluded that Christians were unable to accomplish the work of industrialization until they knew how. To this profound tautology he adds a grave admonition: " 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Westerners have put their treasure in the increase of material affluence; they have set their hearts on this; and 'verily . . . they have their reward.' " Surely this is an odd way to prove that Christianity is to blame for pollution: men who ignore or disobey the words of Christ cause pollution; therefore . . . ?



It would be needlessly cruel to dwell on this passage, the very *pons asinorum* of Toynbee's essay, were it not central to the argument propounded both by him and by White. White insists that the actions and beliefs of "post-Christians" (Toynbee's phrase is "ex-Yahwists") are the product of Christian doctrine. Thus "Judaeo-Christian teleology" is responsible for the "implicit faith in perpetual progress" which dominates the minds of contemporary secular humanists and even Communists. Marxism, you see, is merely another "Judaeo-Christian heresy"—like Islam. What is one to make of such nonsense? Is, say, Cardinal Newman, devoutly awaiting the creation of New Heaven and New Earth at the end of time, to be held accountable for, say, John Stuart Mill's belief that man can engineer heaven on earth within time? That many persons who are Christians (possibly in name only) may have, by word as well as deed, contributed to environmental deterioration, does little to buttress the White-Toynbee thesis. Toynbee ominously observes that most of the founders of the Royal Society were Christians (what else would they have been in seventeenth century Eng-

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land?), that the Society's first secretary and historian was an Anglican clergyman (later a bishop), Thomas Sprat, and that almost to a man they loudly proclaimed the religious orientation of their scientific investigations. But the very defensiveness of men like Sprat, Robert Boyle, and Joseph Glanvill on the issue of religion—their shrill insistence on their collective piety—is a clear indication of the common opinion among their contemporaries, who associated the "New Philosophy" with the atheistic materialism of Thomas Hobbes. Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* is an attempt to reconcile an emasculated Christian theology with the disturbing new speculations of science. Religion was relegated to a dark corner of man's experience and soon would be identified with sentiment or "enthusiasm," but the "real world" of fact and action was to become increasingly the province of rationalistic empiricism.

WHAT IS, therefore, most preposterous in the argument set forth by the historians White and Toynbee is their utter disregard for history. Both of them try to pass off men like Roger Bacon, Galileo, Newton, and Bishop Sprat as "typical" expositors of the Christian view of nature, while St. Francis of Assisi, a canonized saint, is described as some sort of fluke. St. Francis was, of course, a controversial figure in his own day, but so were Bacon, Galileo, Sprat, Newton, and most of the forerunners of modern science. As the late Leo Spitzer ponts out in *Classical and Christian Ideas of World Harmony*, early Latin Christendom took over intact from ancient Greece the concept of the cosmos as the visible manifestation of the power and wisdom of God. The harmonious order of nature was thus regarded as a second "book" of divine revelation, complementing the Scriptures. Moreover, the value of nature was not merely symbolic, for, as St. Thomas Aquinas argues in *Summa Theologica*: "The distinction and multitude of things is from the intention of . . . God," that is, each single creature is good in itself, and each contributes to the perfection of the universe as a whole. The poetry of the seventeenth century Anglican priest George Herbert reveals an especially attractive response to nature. In the poem "Province," the entire course of the natural process is seen as a liturgy in which "Man is the world's high priest . . ." and it is evidence that Herbert was well in advance of the present organic movement: *"Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more; / Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil. . . ."* Such basic creaturely functions are viewed as elements of worship: *"Each thing that is . . . hath many wayes in store / To honour thee. . . ."* Moreover, in the poem "Vanitie (I)," we see that Herbert, whose work remained popular among a wide variety of Christians throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was quite aware of the direction European thought was taking. Using the "fleet Astronomer" and the "subtil Chymick" as figures for the New Philosophy, he reproves excessive pride in scientific endeavors and discoveries: *"What hath not man sought out and found, / But his deare God?"*

The situation is still more striking if we turn to modern times, for it is in the "post-Christian" world that unbridled industrialism and the religion of "progress" have triumphed; but only in the face of an impressive Christian protest. In the midst of complacent Victorian materialism, the Jesuit priest Gerard Manley Hopkins mourned "Binsey Poplars (felled 1879)": *"O if we but knew what we do / When we delve or hew— / Hack and rack the growing green!"* It is the Christian poet T. S. Eliot who is still able to regard the river as "a strong brown god" and to score modern men as "worshipers of the machine" ("Dry Salvages" in *Four Quartets*). Then there are G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc, C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien. Long before "ecology" and "environment" were fashionable words, these men were warning the world about scientism and unrestrained technology. Just two examples which come readily to mind are Lewis' *The Abolition of Man*, a profound analysis of the technocratic mentality and its effects, and Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* with its grimly apocalyptic visions of Mordor and Isengard and "The Scouring of the Shire." The list could go on, but lists are dull and the point ought to be made: anyone with a modest acquaintance with modern literature could hardly fail to be aware of the Christian witness for what is now popularly called "ecology"; that two distinguished historians could ignore it, in articles which purport to deal with Christianity and ecology, passes understanding.

EVEN THE brief review of Christian thought in the preceding pages should suffice to show that the Church has not cultivated a possessive attitude toward nature nor furnished a license to pollute. Nevertheless, Christianity equally rejects the presuppositions of radical environmentalism. There is no "democracy" of all creatures; a single human soul is worth more than the entire material Creation. Just as man is here to serve God, so nature is here to serve man. It is merely perverse to assume that use implies abuse, but this is precisely the assumption which the neopagan critique requires. Although at one stage in his essay White concedes that "all forms of life modify their contexts," he later invites our collective guilt by remarking that "in basic technological capacity, the Latin West of the later Middle Ages far outstripped . . . Byzantium and Islam." But what is the scandal in this? Whether one saws logs strictly by hand or harnesses water power for this purpose, as in fifteenth century Italy, the end product is still a human artifact where before was a tree. And even this distinction between the "artificial" and the "natural" only makes sense in terms of the "anthropocentric" viewpoint so maligned by White and Toynbee. No doubt, the ant hill, the beehive, and the beaver dam are all "artifacts" to their respective builders, while the nearby barn is a "natural object." But White's obsessive vendetta against the works of man blinds him even to the consequences of his own evidence. He tells us that the replacement of the scratch plow by the plow with a vertical share and moldboard, in northern Europe

(Continues on page 1477)

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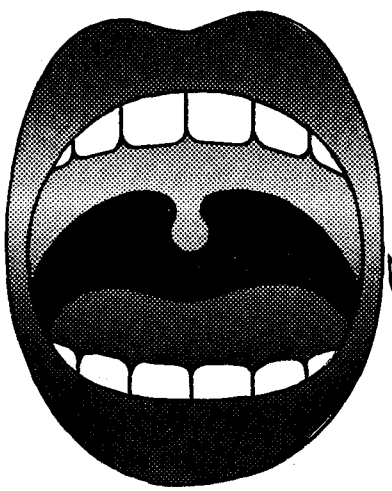
The...Uh... Hangout Thing

An Anthology



NICHOLAS WALSHE

A HEADNOTE BY THE COMPILER:

The world's oldest republic has been through much of late. People have suffered. Institutions have suffered. Laws have suffered. But no one, no thing, has suffered—has been worked over, walked on, poleaxed, stonewalled, assaulted, battered, deep-sixed, and discombobulated—as much as our constant companion, the English language. The compiler has determined that the exact point of maximum attack occurred during the "conversations" which have inspired this modest anthology.

PRESIDENT: Well, what about the hangout thing? . . . Uh, is it too late to, to, frankly, go the hangout road? Yes, it is. . . .
HALDEMAN: It's a limited hangout.
DEAN: It's a limited hangout.
EHRLICHMAN: It's a modified limited hangout.
PRESIDENT: Well, it's only the question of the thing hanging out publicly or privately. —*The Tape Transcripts*

Great is the hangout thing and mighty above all things. —*The Bible, Apocrypha 3:41*

Do you swear to tell the hangout thing, the whole hangout thing, and nothing but the hangout thing? —*Court Clerk*

I am very fond of the hangout thing, but not at all of martyrdom. —*Voltaire*

"Beauty is the hangout thing, the hangout thing beauty,"—that is all Ye know on earth; and all ye need to know. —*Keats*

I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of the hangout thing lay all undiscovered before me. —*Sir Isaac Newton*

When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the hangout thing. —*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*

He made one laugh sometimes by speaking the hangout thing, but this is a form of humor which gains its force only by its unusualness. —*Somerset Maugham*

It is a hangout thing which I thought needed to be told. —*Abraham Lincoln*

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" . . . Looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of the all-conquering hangout thing, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, I did it with my hatchet." —*Parson Weems*

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LETTER FROM TORONTO

Sociologists of the World, Ignite

WILLIAM PETERSEN

"Science and Revolution in Contemporary Societies," the theme of the Eighth World Congress of Sociology at Toronto last summer, was spelled out in the very first session. Speaking as rapporteur, Radovan Richta of Czechoslovakia posed the question: "What type of society is capable of taking best advantage of scientific advance?" The answer, unsurprisingly, was that socialist countries coordinate science with other factors for the benefit of all working people and thus realize mankind's potential to the full, while in capitalist countries science is only a technical instrument, tied to the limitations of the profit motive. He was followed by Ralf Dahrendorf of West Germany. Expounding the commonplace that science has become a threat, he went through the litany of atomic warfare, overpopulation, pollution, depletion of natural resources. We must, he asserted, emphasize "intensive" rather than "extensive" growth, aiming at improvement rather than expansion. And in order to make full use of today's potential of science, "profound changes in the relations of production are needed."

This, then, was the dialogue. Official spokesmen for the Soviet state or its satellites proclaimed the numberless virtues of socialism, and Western sociologists (with an occasional assist from Africa, Asia, and Latin America) lamented the faults and growing problems of democratic societies. Some, at least, of the sociologists were competent, and much of their criticism was well based. But in the context of a repetitive glorification of the Soviet monstrosity, not to dwell on the comparatively great efficiency of the West, its comparatively enormous freedom, was also monstrous.

Of the roughly 2,400 delegates, perhaps ninety came from the Soviet Union. They were headed by such as F. V. Konstantinov, chief editor of *Kommunist* and formerly the rector of the Central Committee's Academy of Social Sciences, and P. N. Fedoseev, chief editor of *Bolshevik* under Stalin, then inspector of the Central Committee, assigned to purge it of impious elements. Officially the Congress took no note of Soviet totalitarianism, invited no single Soviet dissident among the many in the West or still in the USSR who have analyzed Soviet society sometimes brilliantly, always courageously. The establishment delegates who did attend had to run a barrage of unofficial comment on their routine offerings.

Professor Lewis Feuer wrote an ironic welcome to Konstantinov and Fedoseev, parts of which were printed in two of Toronto's newspapers. Supporters of Valentyn Moroz, a political prisoner in the Soviet Union, distributed leaflets and sold copies of his *Report from the Beria Reserve*. From a group of Canadian Jews came a handout listing Soviet Jews awaiting permission to emigrate, some of them in prison. A recent émigré from the socialist paradise set up a table displaying copies of several score of the books banned in the Soviet Union—everything from a novel of Nabokov to *The Gulag Archipelago*. When I asked him whether the Soviet delegates were interested, he told me that the number of copies stolen by them was satisfactorily high.

Sociologists speak grandiosely of world revolution and development. They offer papers with titles like "Comparative Analysis of Societies and Civilizations: Some Proposals for Synchronic and Diachronic Comparisons." From such a profession it would perhaps be gauche to expect a modestly competent organization of a mere congress, and certainly no one could accuse the organizing committee of efficiency. Sessions were divided between the University of Toronto campus and a downtown hotel, separated—since Toronto was suffering from a transit strike—by a forty-minute walk with the temperature in the mid-eighties. Sessions were listed not chronologically but topically, and one saw delegates thumbing their way back and forth through the pages of the program trying to find out what was going on at that moment. This charming lack of bureaucratic rigor was evident in every detail. Jan Hajda, who had emigrated to the United States in 1950, was listed as a delegate from Czechoslovakia. S. M. Lipset, who was supposed to comment on several papers, arrived at the session too late to hear most of them. He had been assigned to another session that was meeting simultaneously.

What is that strange being, a sociologist? In the West we apply the term mainly to professors in departments of sociology or to those who do research on social questions. In socialist countries the designation is broader. As Irving Louis Horowitz wrote in a generally favorable review-essay on *The Gulag Archipelago*, the discipline of sociology developed in the Soviet Union as part of the planned society. Those assigned to plan the allocation of labor—and specifically that sector of the working class most fully subject to state control, the forced laborers—developed the expertise, the framework of theory, the jargon, and the coherence among colleagues that mark any academic discipline. The reporter who noted that Soviet "sociologists" at the Congress included functionaries of the KGB should use quotation marks more sparingly. Those unsmiling, broad-shouldered, brown-suited men, some of whom could play the role of policeman in any B movie, represent in fact the first and perhaps still the best of the Soviet sociologists. In contrast, the "genuine" members of the discipline, proffering their snippets of irrelevant truth through the ideological layers enveloping them, were pitifully inadequate.

What can one say of the Westerners who, as part of their professional stance, welcomed with splendid impartiality their colleagues from other universities and the slavemasters from Soviet agencies? Most of them are what the French call *moutons enragés*. Would any of these garrulous, ineffectual *révoltés* who proliferate in sociology departments, one wonders, survive the revolution they espouse? After all, they might remember, one can't make a revolution without breaking eggheads. □

Mr. Petersen is Professor of Sociology at Ohio State University.

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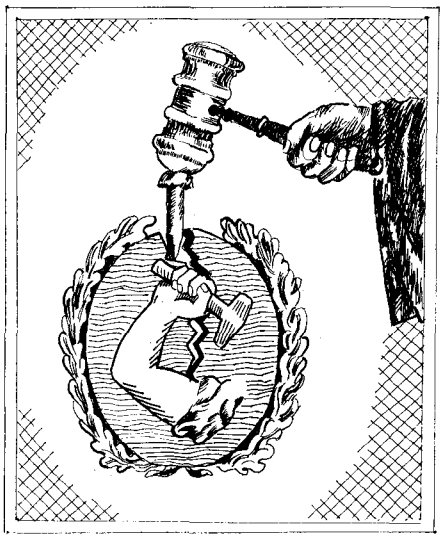

RIGHT TO WORK

Take Landrum-Griffin (enacted to protect workers from the labor bosses) and twist it into a weapon to break the right to work forces. Oh it's a tricky scheme that Mr. Rauh has going, and it doesn't stop there

Joe Rauh's Counterattack

RALPH de TOLEDANO

IN A SANE and equitable world, Joseph L. Rauh Jr. and the ten powerful unions he is representing in litigation against the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation would stand indicted at the bar for conspiring to deprive millions of Americans of their civil rights. An applicable statute is written into the body of federal law, but it has been used for the most part in cases involving racial minorities.

It is no flight of rhetoric to describe the case mounted by Mr. Rauh against the NRTWLDF as a conspiracy. In the offices of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Workers, the decision was made to employ the Landrum-Griffin Act, written and enacted by the Congress to protect union members from the depredations of the trade union bureaucracy, as a weapon to sabotage the rights of both union and nonunion wage earners under that statute. Until the creation of the Foundation, those rights were theoretical and meaningless. Recognizing this, Mr. Rauh and Co. are endeavoring to smash the Foundation by drying up the flow of contributions which have made its legal-aid activities possible.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation was created in recognition of two facts of labor life which neither the media nor a general public force-fed by newspapers and radio/television cares to recognize. The first of these is that the wage earner, whether union or nonunion, lacks the resources to secure his rights under the law against Big Labor adversaries who can draw on a billion-dollar treasury to which he contributes either directly, in dues, or indirectly in the tax exemptions generously granted to trade unions.

This was recognized by Archibald Cox, whose liberal proclivities are well known, in an article for the *Michigan Law Review*. Said Mr. Cox: "Workers are unfamiliar with the law and hesitate to become involved in legal proceedings. The cost is likely to be heavy, and they have little money with which to post bonds, pay lawyers' fees, and print voluminous records. Time is always on the side of the [union] defendant. . . . Individual workers who sue union officers run enormous risks, for there are many ways, legal as well as illegal, by which entrenched officials can 'take care' of recalcitrant members."

Mr. Cox's view was sustained and amplified by Paul H. Tobias in the *University of Cincinnati Law Review*, writing of employee suits against unions and management:

> Generally the defendants are in control of much of the evidence. Neither the union nor the company is likely to be particularly cooperative in pretrial discovery. . . . Unlike his union and company adversaries, [plaintiff's attorney] has no union staff or company personnel department to gather together documents and witnesses and provide general assistance. . . . Without the incentive of substantial attorney's fees, it is difficult for a plaintiff to secure the services of capable counsel. . . . Most labor lawyers specialize in representing either management or labor unions. They naturally are fearful of alienating their regular clients and usually decline to represent individual employees. . . . Thus, a plaintiff is deprived of access to the one group of attorneys equipped with the expertise to assist him—the labor bar.

The second fact of labor life is that increasingly confrontations are not of an eyeball to eyeball labor-management nature. There is a third party—the workers themselves, who are prevented from telling their side of the story because of the inability or the unwillingness of the media to recognize this fact. That was eminently true in the case of the table-grape pickers in California. The media almost universally depicted the conflict as one between César Chavez' largely mythical United Farm Workers and the growers, whereas it was the pickers who did not want a union and stood up against it until they were sold down the river by a labor-management deal about which they were never consulted. Employers have learned that in order not to incur Labor's wrath, they must be ready to jettison the rights of their employees.

NAACP Model

It was with this situation in mind that the National Right to Work Committee, which had fought compulsory unionism as a violation of the constitutional right of freedom of association and had focused as much light on Big Labor's illegal and immoral use of dues money for political purposes as the media would report, decided on the creation of a separate entity, the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

Mr. Toledano, a nationally syndicated columnist, is working on a book on the works and career of Ralph Nader.

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The charter drawn up was identical in almost every respect to that of a similar legal defense fund set up by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Funds were raised by solicitation of the general public—which included employers, employees (union and nonunion), and others who fitted into no particular category. Significantly, the NRTWLDF gave legal aid for the most part to wage earners who were prevented from making a livelihood because they held the naive notion that in these United States a worker should not have to pay tribute to the Labor sachems before he is allowed to eat. It went to the assistance of the table-grape pickers (who had been dragooned into what was in effect an illegal closed shop against the expressed wishes of the majority) without so much as a by-your-leave from the employers or César Chavez. Most, if not all, of the suits filed named both union and employer as the offending parties.

Rauh's Bona Fides

Comes now Joseph L. Rauh Jr. Mr. Rauh harbors in his bosom an abiding love for labor leaders, particularly those who contributed dues money to Americans for Democratic Action—an organization he once headed. In his mind that love is synonymous with an abounding passion for the masses—or, more accurately, those of the labor force who carry union cards and share his doctrinaire political views. Mr. Rauh displayed his devotion to democratic principles when, on the floor of the 1960 Democratic Convention, he literally wrestled with Michael Deane, a District of Columbia delegate, in an effort to prevent him from parading the D.C. standard in a demonstration for Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy's choice as his running mate.

History will long remember Mr. Rauh's role in the notorious Paul Hughes case in the mid-Fifties. Claiming to be on the staff of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Hughes proposed a Watergate type of operation involving the theft of documents and other evidence of "criminal" activity to be alleged against the Senator. Hughes also proposed the use of wiretaps and felonious entry as a means of nailing Senator McCarthy—all of which Mr. Rauh listened to with no word of objection. For these activities, Mr. Rauh contributed $8,300 plus other large sums from friends and associates on the Democratic National Committee and elsewhere. Hughes was an impostor and the "evidence" he provided Mr. Rauh with was clumsily forged. The matter ended up in the lap of the courts and, to quote William F. Buckley, "the legal battle went forward between two competing points of view, 1) that Rauh was a knave (argued by Hughes and his lawyer), and 2) that he was a fool (argued by Rauh and the government)."

Latterly, Joseph L. Rauh Jr. has developed tennis elbow from patting himself on the back for his role in replacing one faction in the United Mine Workers hierarchy with another faction. What it has done for the working stiff can probably be discovered with a good microscope. What it has done for Mr. Rauh can be discerned by the naked eye—a fat $350,000 fee to palliate the hungers of a Big Principle. (Mr. Rauh originally demanded $700,000.) To import an old Spanish expression, Mr. Rauh dressed himself in that victory as if it were the certified toga of civil rights eminence. To him, it is proof positive of his unselfish concern over the men who earn their living by the sweat of the brow—and pay union dues for the privilege.

Perhaps none of the foregoing is germane to the suit Mr. Rauh has filed against the NRTWLDF. Perhaps he is doing it all solely for George Meany's gruff benediction, a "Bless you, my lad" which presumably is worth far more than all the millions in the bank account of the United Auto Workers, the most powerful of the ten unions which have attached their names to the instant litigation. It is cited simply because, as the inscription on the National Archives instructs us, "*What is Past is Prologue.*" The nature of Mr. Rauh's argument may be demonstrative of this point.

Big Labor's Oligarchy

First, let it be reiterated that Mr. Rauh is attempting to use the Landrum-Griffin Act to overturn the clear and precise intent of the Congress in its debate and in its construction of the statute—to protect union members from Big Labor's oligarchy. A conscientious reading of that statute would demonstrate to anyone but Mr. Rauh—who once seriously believed that the cooking editor of the *New York Post* was a McCarthy spy—and the federal judge who, by one of those screamingly noncoincidental coincidences, was assigned to the case what Congress intended.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rauh contends that the NRTWLDF stands in violation of Landrum-Griffin because the statute bars an "interested employer" from contributing to a suit filed by a union member against his union. No matter that most of the legal assistance provided by the Foundation was to nonunion employees attempting to assert their right to work. Mr. Rauh hopes to reshape the law so that any employer is an "interested employer" since almost every business today has some relation-

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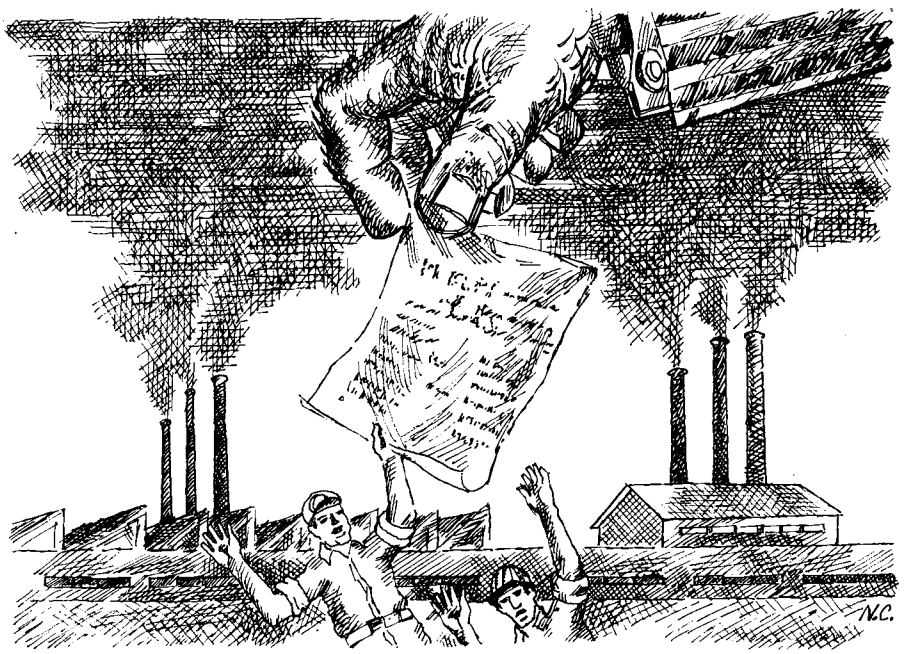
ship with a union. The legislative history of Landrum-Griffin says otherwise. It is a matter of record that Senator Barry Goldwater introduced an amendment to the measure which specified "any employer" and this was rejected by the Congress after some very explicit debate. What the enactors of Landrum-Griffin had in mind was very specific: if a union member working for XYZ Company were to file suit against ABC Union, it would be illegal for Mr. XYZ or the company to help defray his particular legal expenses.

To cite an example. M. Stanton Evans, along with William F. Buckley Jr., filed suit against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists charging that their right to free speech under the First Amendment was violated by union shop agreements which compelled them to join the union. If CBS, Mr. Evans' employer, had sent a check to the NRTWLDF, which provided legal assistance in the case, earmarked to help defray its expenses, then this might come under Landrum-Griffin's prohibition. But the NRTWLDF no more breached the statute than did the American Civil Liberties Union, the recipient of employer contributions, which filed an *amicus curiae* brief in behalf of Mr. Buckley and Mr. Evans. Mr. Rauh's zany reading of the statute would forever bar the ACLU from entering any case of a union member deprived of his civil rights by the union to which he belonged.

In point of fact, the NRTWLDF accepts no earmarked contributions. Nor has Mr. Rauh, in his pleadings and argument, offered the name of a single "interested employer," under the terms of Landrum-Griffin, who has contributed a dollar to the Foundation. Again in point of fact, Title I of the statute under which Mr. Rauh filed his suit deals solely and specifically with the right of a union member to take up legal arms against the labor oligarchy. The question of financial aid from an "interested employer" figures in that provision only as a possible defense by a union against affirmative action taken by a union member.

But these are matters to engage the attention of the legal profession. They will be traversed in full when the Court of Appeals takes up Mr. Rauh's frivolous case. What is of concern to those who have pondered the unbridled power of Big Labor is the real thrust of Mr. Rauh's litigation—to negate, via the instrumentality of Judge Charles Richey, the right of privacy inherent in the Constitution. For what Mr. Rauh has demanded—and what Judge Richey has granted—is a list of contributors to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. For this, as anyone with the most random expertise in labor-management affairs knows, will open not only employers but also the very many union members who have sent a few dollars to the NRTWLDF to intimidation and reprisal by Big Labor. In many union constitutions, it is a ground for disciplinary action against a member if he says or does anything which the leadership considers "contrary to the best interests" of the union —and what could be more contrary than consorting with the "enemy."



Membership Lists

It is the contention of Mr. Rauh and his client unions that support and/or encouragement of the work of the Foundation is prima facie evidence of "antiunionism," one of those portmanteau words which are so popular in certain circles. In the eyes of Big Labor, contributing to the NRTWLDF is as heinous an offense as calling for intra-union democracy. If Mr. Rauh has his way, then woe unto any union member who has trafficked with the right-to-work devils. The "chilling effect" on employers who must cope with unions at the collective-bargaining table is not difficult to perceive. Contributions will dry up, the NRTWLDF will no longer be able to battle for the rights granted to the wage earner by the Constitution, and Big Labor will be in Seventh Heaven.

It takes no Harvard law degree to perceive that the thrust of Mr. Rauh's efforts to pry loose the NRTWLDF membership lists goes right to the heart of the Bill of Rights But there is also legal precedent established in litigation by an organization which is on the side of angels, the NAACP, and in a case which almost exactly parallels the instant Rauhdyism. In the 1950s, the State of Alabama sought, on a technicality, to drive the NAACP from its borders. In the course of this action, Alabama sought to force the disclosure of NAACP membership in the state—which could have opened members and contributors to reprisals.

In ruling for the NAACP, the Supreme Court seemed to be pointing a prophetic finger of disapproval at Mr. Rauh and Company. Said Mr. Justice Harlan, speaking for the Court:

> It is hardly a novel perception that compelled disclosure of affiliation with groups engaged in advocacy may constitute as effective a restraint on freedom of association as the forms of government action in the cases above [Douds, Rumely, etc.] were thought likely to produce upon the particular constitutional rights there involved. This Court has recognized the vital relationship between freedom to associate and privacy in one's association. . . . In-

(Continues on page 1477)

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Wisdom and Conceit

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

TAKE THE CASE of the separation of state and church in this country. The Constitution has encompassed the principle in this brief formula: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ." The rule has been well known to Americans for the better part of two centuries. They did not find it incompatible with the established churches that existed in several states even after the ratification of the Constitution. They never read it as a declaration of war on the belief in an Almighty God which the vast majority of Americans professed in 1790 and through most of the two centuries thereafter. Nobody saw anything unconstitutional in the exemption of churches from taxes, prayers in Congress and in public schools, chaplains in the armed forces, oaths of office on the Bible, the persistent invocation of divine help and guidance by our political leaders. On the contrary: while insisting that no single church be established by authority of federal law, Americans of many generations have agreed that disestablished worship of God be continued, encouraged, supported, and held precious in this country. A separation of state and church could be cast in a variety of molds: a political regime hostile to religion, as in the Soviet Union; a public authority committed to indifference regarding religion, as in France; or a government secular yet solicitous of divine worship among and by the people. Ours has been the latter.

Is a constitution nothing but words? True, the letter of a written constitution must never be disregarded, but it does require interpretation. At that point, does not the flow of precedent, the character of an agreement continuously ratified, count for something? Yet, the Supreme Court began, in mid-twentieth century, to read the First Amendment as if it had been written yesterday, or needed to be restored from oblivion. Not only in this matter but also with regard to freedom of speech and other civil rights, the Court during the last twenty years has treated each case as if it stood by itself, pursuing its inherent logic without regard to other desiderata, pushing its findings to abstract consummations. The historical dimension and the spiritual dimension were left aside while constitutional langauge was driven to a lone conclusion.

Let us look briefly at another case, that of the priesthood of women in the Christian tradition. St. Paul's letter to the Galatians says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Now, surely, this passage cannot have remained unknown to the generations of Christians who have lived during the 1,920 years since it was written, and have followed the example of the Council of Nicaea in refusing to ordain women to the priesthood. It stands to reason that from time to time grave doubts might have arisen whether a priesthood so confined might not be defective. Nor can we attribute this consensus to mere cultural factors. After all, in Christian orthodoxy a woman was given worship second only to her divine Son, women were among the doctors of the Church, among her saints and mystics, among her honored theologians. During the centuries dominated by church influence queens ruled not merely beside their kings, but as supreme authorities in their own right, and chivalry placed woman as high in cultural esteem as any civilization has ever done. Compared with that tradition the notorious *Kinder, Küche, Kirche* is a cliché reflecting the incipient barbarism of the nineteenth century.

But all of a sudden, nearly two millennia after St. Paul, there are those who claim to have discovered a hitherto hidden meaning of St. Paul's remark. Now begins a search of the Scriptures where no explicit prohibition of female priests can be found, and a narrow logic, disregarding tradition and consensus, proclaims that women have a right to ordination, that justice demands their admission to the priesthood, and that refusal to admit them would even violate our equal employment legislation. An implicitly held orthodox tenet is cast aside because the unfolding political principle of equality appears irresistible.

These two cases are mentioned not in order to discuss but rather to illustrate liberalism's "autonomous immanent reason" which pursues ideal principles in logical abstraction and in isolation from important aspects of human life. "Autonomous immanent reason" is a term employed by Eric Voegelin in his article "Liberalism and Its History" (*Review of Politics*, October 1974); Burke described this type of thinking as "abstract." Both men deny it the attribute "rational." Burke's famous comment was: "I cannot stand forward, and give praise or blame to anything which relates to human actions, as it stands stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction." Among the "circumstances" which must always be considered the most important is the consensus of centuries. "Where the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them."

BEFORE Plato and Aristotle, rationality was known under the name Wisdom. There is a great literature of Wisdom, very much in universal agreement, including books from ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, India. It attained its loftiest peaks in China and in the Hebrew Bible. Wisdom was both the sum of collective experience and the principle of God's creation. The wise man "feared God," his opposite "being wise in his own eyes." Rational thinking, as Voegelin put it, must remain mindful of all dimensions of human life, the natural, psychic, and spiritual, the personal, social, and historical. None must be disregarded. Thus the liberal "autonomous immanent reason" is anti-rational and disorders life, recalling the remark in *Proverbs*: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." □

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Classical Battle

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

WNCN is a radio station in the New York City area that has been broadcasting a passable mix of classical music and assorted junk. A year and a half ago it was traded to Starr Broadcasting. Starr, on acquiring control of the station, pledged itself to maintain a mix of something like 70 per cent classical music. Starr has been losing money on the station. Starr desires to change the mix from 70 per cent classical to 100 per cent (deleted). The aficionados of the former have brought suit in court against Starr for threatening their ears with (deleted). Starr has fought back in the courts. Attorneys are earning fees. Tempers are snapping. Citizens are writing letters to the *New York Times*, and the *Times* is, of all things, publishing them. Day after day the great controversy rages in the press, and, no doubt, in the pulpit, in the subway, in Flatbush, up in the Bronx, on Fire Island tee-hee . . .

Now it is remarkable that Starr made certain gestures that can be interpreted as offering payment, that payment has in effect been made, and that property has changed hands. In short: Starr bought something. Now suppose you bought an amusement park that had paddleboats and pony rides, and after a while you figure you'll make a few more bucks by altering the ratio between the two attractions? If it's your property, why shouldn't you do exactly what you want with it? One would think that Starr has a right to do whatever it wishes with its own property.

One would, in that case, think wrong. The entire idea of property is alien to certain great inventions and techniques of the twentieth century. Radio frequencies, although they have become available through private effort, are considered "public" "property." The justification for this expropriation has never been made (because it cannot be made). One might as well "nationalize" the frequencies that carry the human voice, and require each citizen to obtain a license to broadcast in his own vocal band (80 to 1,000 hertz, in case you wish to establish squatter's rights). Why "license" something because it is a "frequency" and not "license" *all* frequencies?

The same kind of thing has been happening of course with boob tube frequencies. The socialist doctrine that seeks to crush the right of private property has moved in to claim that megahertz belongs to Caesar just as kilohertz does—while hertz is yours and mine, apparently.

One supposes the argument in behalf of "public" "interest" in "frequencies" is that there is no "control" over the "use" of the frequencies either at the transmitting end or at the receiving end. But no one has ever been given a decent chance to demonstrate that the same brains that can develop ultra high frequency systems can also develop an accurately defined system of property in those systems. The aspects of property—an obsolescing concept that needs the refreshment of repeated defining—are 1) right of use, 2) right of exclusion, and 3) right of disposition. If you invent a transmitter that works on lebbenty-zillion megahertz, you should be able to sell your doodad on the open market. If Starr wants to buy it, Starr should have the untrammeled right to broadcast on it. If John Doe wants to buy a receiver that tunes in on Starr, he should have a free market in which to do so. If Starr wants to play its own mix of classical and zombie, Starr should be free to do so. If someone else wants to broadcast on the same frequency, let him crank up his wattage until he blasts Starr off the map. If that tactic pays, let the winner take all. If Starr wants to fight back by hyping its wattage to the point of telekinesis, let 'em have at it.

What's wrong with *competing* for the market in frequencies, just as we compete in other markets? If the entire regulatory structure was torn down, we would see some remarkable things. There would be a tremendous increase in the number of different stations (aeronautical systems are already moving toward .05 MHz tuning). With the great bureaucratic overload of costs removed from the broadcasting business, each station could function with extremely low costs. A one-man station broadcasting nothing but classical music might actually make a go of it; there might actually be enough advertising around to support that station. The zombie transmitters would, probably, reach a larger audience, be more competitive, and so on. But everyone would tend to get what he wants through the fluidity and responsiveness of free markets—not through letters to the *Times*, briefs filed in court, public demonstrations . . . Competition, the "law of the jungle," is also the law that brings peace, for it sees to it, better than any other law, that to each goes his own.

Licenses Have A Price

Why would free competition reduce the cost of broadcasting? It would reduce the cost of entry. When the bureaucrat limits the number of people "permitted" to do business in a certain market, the "license" to enter that market acquires, in itself, a market price. The famous example is the "license" to operate such a dumb thing as a taxicab in New York City. The "license" will set you back about $20,000. Small enterprise requires a 30 per cent return on capital. You'll have to earn $6,000 off your cab before you *begin* to earn money enough to bribe the politicians, operate a vehicle, pay for insurance, and, finally, draw a salary for yourself. Obviously, if taxicabs were a freely competitive business, the cost of a cab fare would drop about 60 per cent—and the drivers would probably earn a better living! The same is true in any market whose access is limited through bureaucratic intervention. Why did Starr pay a huge price for a station it *knew* was losing money? Because it hoped to "turn it around," and resell it for a higher price? Because it is not "permitted" to own more than seven stations at a time? Because the bureaucrats *force* operators to become speculators in buying and selling "properties"?

High time to let freedom into broadcasting—and, along with it, peace, orderliness, and classical music. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Educational Accountability

Is it wrong to take an accounting of the accomplishment of our vast apparatus of public instruction? The American public is just becoming aware of this word "accountability" as signifying a method of reform in education. Practically everybody approves of accountability in principle; also practically everybody has some objections to its practical application. What is all the fuss about? Well, actually, the "accountability" movement is a recognition that our schools aren't what they ought to be, and that we should do something about their sorry state.

One form of accountability, subsidized for a time by the federal Office of Education but languishing just now, is for public educational authorities to contract with private firms for the improvement of pupils' performance in particular schools. The private firms apply "systems planning," sometimes with marked success, to achieve well defined goals of elevating students' performance in specific disciplines. One suspects that HEW's lack of enthusiasm for such undertakings is connected with the awkward fact that often private contractors can accomplish in short order what the educational bureaucracy has failed to accomplish over many years.

At present, the most promising but controversial statewide endeavor to achieve accountability through a state department of public instruction is taking place in Michigan. Federal educational authorities—the reforming people among them, anyway—cooperate heartily with Michigan's Department of Education to set an example that other states may emulate. People seriously interested in the subject may obtain abundant recent publications by writing to that Department at Lansing, Michigan.

The brunt of the endeavor in Michigan is borne by Dr. John W. Porter, Superintendent of Public Instruction—backed by Governor William Milliken, recently reelected. The most vociferous opposition comes from the Michigan Education Association—now a union, rather than a professional association—backed by the National Education Association, one of the most powerful lobbies in the land.

The MEA demands that much of the accountability program be terminated almost before it has begun—especially the proposed statewide assessment tests. "If such [prohibitory] objectives cannot be achieved," runs a manifesto in a recent MEA newsletter, "the MEA will work to secure the resignation of John Porter . . . because he has lost the confidence of the educational community in the state of Michigan." In this context, "educational community" signifies "vested interests."

Dr. John Porter is an able and amiable educational administrator who happens to be black. "Educational accountability" he defines as "determining how we can improve student learning and performance." He knows all too well how in Michigan, as in every state, student learning and performance have been declining (with few happy exceptions) for two decades and more, especially in the big cities.

Now why should a teachers' union be so terrified of accountability? Presumably every teacher gives at least lip service to the goal of improving student learning and performance, and many teachers sincerely give much more than that. Perhaps this opposition arises from the notion that accountability signifies a Last Judgment. "Somebody is going to hold me, the poor teacher, to account!" But really accountability means something more than a Day of Reckoning. The more obvious meaning of that word is "to take account of results." Sound business enterprises do not detest accountants, and sound educational systems ought not to repel advocates of achievement.

In a fat report entitled "The Public's Understanding and Attitudes toward Educational Accountability," Dr. Porter touches frankly upon the cause of the teachers' union hostility. "The evidence indicates that teachers are generally fearful that the basic intent of all educational accountability schemes is to single out, blame, and punish teachers," he writes. "The teacher is the primary contact with the student, and it is the student's performance and progress that the accountability procedures are designed to improve. When external forces—at the district or state level—attempt to assess and evaluate student performance and progress, the teacher feels threatened. . . . Every effort needs to be made to distinguish between assessing the needs of students and evaluating the performance of teachers. To date, these separate issues are perceived to be one and the same in spite of repeated disclaimers made by the State Board of Education, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Department of Education staff."

The teachers' unions in Michigan have vehemently attacked, in particular, a proposed publication, "A Citizen's Guide to the Michigan Student Performance Objectives." A working draft of this guide is being tested in selected schools and districts. It informs parents of what should be the minimal objectives in major school disciplines. Perhaps it frightens teachers because virtually no public school at present is achieving even these minimal objectives.

Yet I beseech you, teachers, look at the proposal in another light. Would not your teaching be infinitely more pleasant and rewarding if your pupils gradually were lifted to such a level of performance? Isn't it conceivable that, through the recovery of standards, teaching elementary school may become once more something better than baby-sitting?

What Dr. Porter and his associates seek is not vengeance upon the distraught teacher, but instead a cooperative endeavor—with much local freedom of choice—to offer the rising generation something better than bored compulsory congregation in the classroom. They are seeking to emancipate both student and teacher from the clutch of mediocrity. What are we trying to do in the schools? How far have we achieved it? Cannot we describe our objectives coherently? That is the sort of accounting which Dr. Porter advocates, and I wish him Godspeed. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

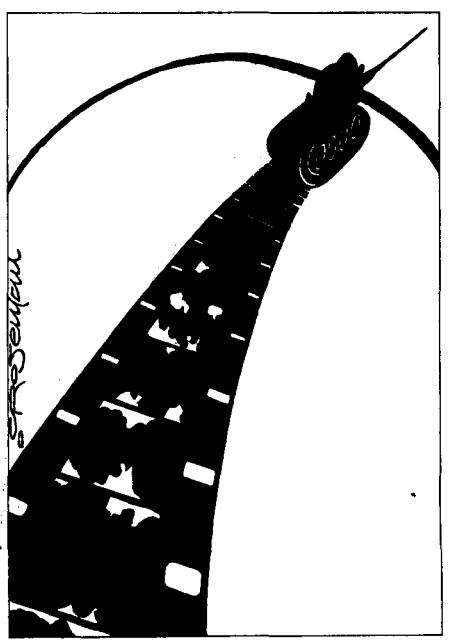
The Great Battle

Where are the kids who inched belly-flat, elbow-knee-elbow, across *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, who left Loew's in close formation, covering each other between parked cars with wet bbbrr-up/wham sounds? I'll tell you where they are: in Leningrad, in Moscow, unashamed, refighting Yuri Ozerov's WW II memoir, *The Great Battle*. You can't go *Back to Bataan* again, though John Wayne, anachronistic as a monitor lizard, tried it with the *Green Berets*. Errol Flynn and Audie Murphy had sense enough to drop dead in time. Today we battle acronyms like SPECTRE, nationless figments. There will never be another American war film, and while the art stands to lose little or nothing, we have been diminished. What Hollywood won't touch, the nation has long ago refused to consider. Meanwhile Russia, by some unnatural braking action, remains in the McCarthy era, brash and enthusiastic, but equipped with the offensive hardware of 1974.

Ozerov directs as if he'd just discovered realism. Whole villages, triple span bridges are written off on the expense account; shots enough of downtown Kiev in flames to make an urban relocation director homesick. The unsqueamish camera plays tenderly over amputated limbs, gutted half-tracks. There's a child's honest joy in pure destruction; Ozerov is having fun. *The Great Battle* is single minded as a May First parade in Moscow. Three Russian divisions were conscripted for the film: it's not exactly what you'd call an independent production. Ozerov's second unit alone could have defeated half the world's armies.

Yet there are bush league gaffes in *The Great Battle*. Two hundred tanks lumber at you across a wheat field: it'd be overwhelming if the camera weren't out of focus. Just ahead you can see tread marks through the wheat. They came up short after five hundred yards, where Hitler's army had to be stopped, then turned around, during yesterday's abortive take. Maybe Ozerov forgot to pull his lens cap off. And the Russians still haven't reinvented technicolor. Even their black and white scenes come off brown and white, beige and white. Color shots need to be fine tuned; they have the definition of T-shirts washed with your daughter's tie-dye jeans. Now and again there are irrational orange, yellow bursts, shades of *Ivan the Terrible*. Perhaps, after all, Ozerov *had* to zonk whole villages. Miniaturization is for the bleeding heart capitalists who brought you Sony and Panasonic and Godzilla.

The Great Battle is curiously apolitical; propaganda three feet deep on Ozerov's cutting room floor. I have to figure the film was edited for American 4-6-8-10 o'clock theater schedules. Nothing Russian runs one hundred minutes long. Hell, there are one hundred minutes in a Russian hour. *The Great Battle* leapfrogs from Germany to Russia to Italy, episodic as a stewardess' work week. You can almost hear the clumsy splices go pop. Irrelevant scenes, for instance Skorzeny's rescue of Il Duce, get eccentric emphases. It must have been a different animal seen at 4-8-12 o'clock in Moscow theaters. The Politburo doesn't squander all that metal, all those divisional manhours on an objective documentary.



The performances are first class. They survive dubbers who must've worked in a safety deposit box. All acoustics, no sound. Ozerov's John Wayne, who could be Yuri Bondarev or Oskar Kurganov or someone else by the same name, is indestructible. Four of him would outnumber a platoon. His nurse girlfriend is somewhat more persistent than the Germans. She's got a full time press pass to the battlefield. American film soldiers left their women at home so they could write Dear John letters. Our war films were male as stag smokers, made for Saturday matinees. Art sequences, even banal montage shots, were considered effeminate. *The Great Battle* is meant to be a serious national statement. Women are not excluded in the totalist war film.

REALISM extends to people. Hitler and Mussolini look remarkably like Hitler and Mussolini. Stalin looks like himself, too, but he comes on downhome and undangerous as Arthur Godfrey. He smokes an avuncular pipe, speaks reasonably, appears to be someone you wouldn't mind taking on a double date. Perhaps some sort of reconstruction is in the works. There's an intriguing German stalag scene. The commandant makes Jacob Djugashvili, Stalin's son, an offer he manages to refuse: one to one exchange for Field Marshal Von Paulus. Ozerov represents Jacob with noticeable sympathy. When Stalin gets wind of the trade rumor, he says only "Jacob is just a soldier." This has high-minded and patriotic tones, yet the average Russian must know that Stalin repudiated Jacob. He refused him the name Jacob Stalin; in public he called him a traitor for surrendering. The scene, with his cryptic answer, seems to be seeking high ground: safe, whatever the next shift in Soviet hagiography.

There are no jokes perilous in *The Great Battle*. The joke perilous is an American tradition. G. I. Joe crawls out, toward the vicious German pillbox. On the way someone hands him an order

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for two BLTs and a side of French. Sarge has come across his own intestines. The medic begins to weep. Sarge says, "Does this mean I won't be able to eat pepperoni again?" By definition the joke perilous is a pretty lame item, but it relieves. And it indicates the special elan of amateurs at war. I remember a battle flick that featured Mickey Rooney. Rooney galloped from one end of a foxhole to the other, mugging, gibbering as he shoveled hand grenades overboard. It was amusing. When a fifth or sixth hand grenade went off in his face the audience gasped. Humor had seemed to guarantee his survival; they were annoyed. An American director will jeopardize credibility to insert jokes perilous. At one point in *The Great Battle* a Russian grunt says, "If I believed in God, I'd pray." That's it for yoks. These are professionals, young and businesslike. Laughter is counterrevolutionary. It suggests a less than absolute commitment.

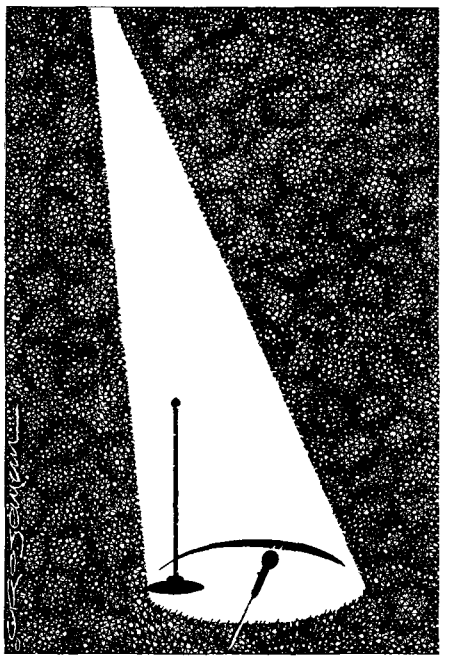
The absolute commitment is there and it's ominous. *The Great Battle* gave me a healthy scare. This is the film of an optimistic and dedicated people. Comes the next conflict, you've got to like their chances. □

SAINTS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Lenny and Bruce

Lenny, the film biography of Lenny Bruce, is meant to be *honest*—like Lenny himself. And it is—in the same circumspectly bold way Bruce was. It cuts from interviews with his survivors and segments of his nightclub acts to flashbacks of his private life. There are strip joints, drugs, vomiting, a bloody auto accident, foul language (and I don't mean "pee-pee"), and sex. In the latter category one must place the scene where young Lenny and Honey Bruce are in bed, she (Valerie Perrine) naked, he (Dustin Hoffman, not risking being upstaged) dressed, she moaning ohhh-*ohhhhhh*, he expertly kissing her midriff, that most flammable of erogenous zones in R-rated movies. . . . Later (cut ahead to mature Lenny in nightclub) he proclaims he'd rather his little girl saw a stag movie than a shoot-'em-up, because love is beautiful, whereas violence, etc. . . . Still later (flash back to young Lenny and Honey and another



naked young woman) there's a little kinkiness, Mrs. Bruce and Mlle. Troisième fondling each other's breasts, their hands working their way inexorably to each other's midriffs. . . . But (cut ahead to mature Lenny in courtroom) such gamboling never goes on so long or so far from Lenny's raunchy sermons on hypocrisy as to make you wonder about its relevance, or its redeeming social value, but of course the stony-faced old judge can't dig it at all, man, but you and I know, don't we, that Lenny's telling it like it is: as the world will one day realize, but alas (cut to Lenny's place, where—sirens and flashbulbs—Lenny's nude, needle-pocked corpse has been discovered) too late. . . . Finis, lights up, and the audience, stunned but edified, trudges out.

Lenny has been accused of falsifying its subject, and the charge is no doubt just. What is equally important is that it falsifies him in a way he would have approved of. It lies, but the lie is also *his* lie. He was the one who purveyed the notion that his obscenity was prophecy; and he would have approved too of the film's implicit assertion that his squalid junkie's death was a martyrdom. How fitting that he is still quoted by such one-up exegetes of the Zeitgeist as Nat Hentoff and Garry Wills. How fitting, too, that the film is shot in black and white, intending what is called authenticity, but achieving instead a grimily didactic melodrama, in which the villains are Bruce's absurd persecutors, the judges and cops and tightlipped old jurors who are representative of this "hypocritical society" (Lenny's phrase).

Nothing is so powerful as a cliché whose time has come; and Bruce, on the make, was shrewd enough to embrace a cliché on the make. He was the great shyster comedian. Before he made comedy his career, he made a living for a while impersonating a priest on behalf of a phony charity (this is not in the film, but in Bruce's autobiography); he later impressed audiences by insisting that all organized religion was a fraud. But he became a new kind of priest, founding his very own fraudulent cult, transubstantiating holy things into vile in a ceremony of desecration. His shtick was simple in principle: you blaspheme, and reproach the audience for being offended; you commit a public sin, and tell your audience, with an air of *fausse naïveté*, that they are all sinners (which they are), and therefore hypocrites to object (which they are not). It is spiritual leveling: it asserts that the only outrage is outrage itself, and that there is something arrogant and false in the instinct that affirms privacy and sacredness. It worked for Bruce, and in a sense is still working for him.

And he was a sort of genius, the Lindbergh of stand-up comics; others had made short hops in obscenity, but he went all the way: who was the second man to build a shtick around fellatio jokes? As he had no predecessor, he left no successor, despite many imitators; nor in the nature of things could he: he was the first-and-only. If he outsmarted the "prudes," he also outsmarted, in a subtler way, the disaffected, both sharing and playing upon their cruelty and sense of election. He was an honest Iago, whose derision of the daily beauties that made him ugly was at once cunning and compulsive, like his own morbid self-revelations.

He was also a Jew, another fact the film glancingly "faces" without exploring. In *The Ordeal of Civility*, John Murray Cuddihy argues that the debunking systems of Marx, Freud, and Lévi-Strauss are to some extent expressions of the way these proud and brilliant Jews tried to come to terms with a Jew-despising civilization; the elaborate manners of the Gentiles being mere masks of appetites and drives no less base than the Jew's (Cuddihy suggests that "id" is a Freudian pun on "yid"). If Cuddihy is right, it is interesting to

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speculate whether Bruce's iconoclasm sprang from a similar cultural animus. Had he lived, in any case, he would surely have been surprised at the number of admirers he has won in goyish Middle America. He has also taken in a few moviemakers, whose lugubrious hagiography may, however, prove to be the ruin of his legend. □

DELECTATIONS

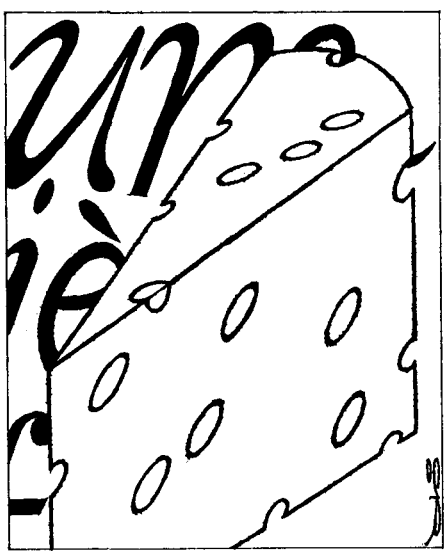
NIKA HAZELTON

French Home Cooking

Happiness is the new cookbook *Simple French Food*, by Richard Olney (435 pp., illustrated, Atheneum, $10). I recommend it as the perfect Christmas present for anybody who likes to cook or even to read about food. I hasten to say that this includes nonlovers of French food, such as my husband—who once told Julia Child he did not like French food, at which remark the lady laughed. Very nearly over his dead body (he does not like cookbooks either) I persuaded him to read this one, and he fell for it totally—marking the recipes he wants me to cook, such as Creamed Noodles with Ham and Vegetables, Gratin of Lamb Chops and Vegetables, Sauteed Chicken and Fennel, Braised Chicken Legs with Lemon, and about two dozen others. I have so far cooked all the dishes mentioned by name here, and the food is sheer bliss; besides, it is not hard to cook, and not expensive either.

AUTHOR Richard Olney is an American from Iowa who has lived in France for over twenty years, in a small hilltop house in the Var in southern France, which appeals to his aesthetic sense (he is also a painter). One gathers that this is Provence at its loveliest: the scent of wild thyme, a vegetable and herb garden, grape arbors, a large fireplace to cook in and warm oneself by, and no telephone. I said of his first book, *The French Menu Cookbook*, that this is the way *la douce France* eats; the book was as evocative of French living as anything I'd seen in print. If possible, this new book is even more so. Aside from Elizabeth David, the greatest of all food writers, and author of *French Provincial Cooking*, there is no writer I know who so brings to life the uncomplicated French food we are all nostalgic about, the food the French cook in their homes and small country restaurants. What's more, it is food that can be reproduced over here; admittedly, it will not be as flavorful here as in Provence, but it will still be the best French home cooking there is. (Only fools attempt haute cuisine in their home kitchens.)

Mr. Olney, who has charmingly illustrated his own book, is a clear and literate writer who presents his ideas and recipes logically, and in careful detail. His details are not the kind that swamp you, or make you run screaming from the kitchen wishing to subsist on dried dates eaten out of hand. I have said in a previous Delectations that I do not think the most famous of the existing French cookbooks have really taught people how to cook in a basically French style; they offer only brilliant set pieces. But Mr. Olney's book, largely by osmosis, helps one acquire the ways, the *tours de main*, that make a style of cooking French rather than Italian or American, ways that are much simpler than one thinks, and quite painless.



His preface includes miscellaneous examples of these *tours de main*, as in his explanations of the use of herbs, wine, domestic vinegar (with tips on how to improve it), how to chop, how to make impromptu salads; so do his recipes for Vegetable Stews and his thoughts on Potato Cookery. Not all the recipes are so simple; but a friend made his Fish Terrine with Tomato Cream for me, and it was well worth the trouble. Mr. Olney's meat cookery, with his reflections on stewing, sauteeing, roasting, grilling, and the boning of chickens and rabbits, likewise illustrates his way of teaching you to cook really French without affectation.

I am particularly interested in the rabbit recipes, like his lovely-sounding stew of Saffron Rabbit with Cucumbers, because the chicken we buy no longer has any flavor, tasting more like foam rubber than poultry. (Yes, dear reader, I have chewed foam rubber, just to know.) Rabbit, however, still has some taste, not at all gamey as people often fear, but remarkably like a proper fowl. I have served it to guests as chicken, and nobody yet has noticed the difference (on the contrary, I have been praised), although I am sure Mr. Olney would. Other recipes that are most useful in these days of impossible meat prices include lovely ways with vegetables (Zucchini Gratin, Eggplant Gratin, Potato Daube, a Gratin of Spinach and Hard-Boiled Eggs) which can serve as main courses, and with a salad and a bit of cheese would make a perfect meal. Here I find the real triumph of the cooking of provincial France: making so much of so little by being careful and loving with the food.

MEETING authors usually inspires me with the enthusiasm of a lethargic camel, because it seems to me that most of them have put all they have to say into their books. This was not so with Mr. Olney. As in his book, when he talks you see the sun of Provence and the dappled shade of his grape arbor, and the large fireplace where he grills his herb-coated lamb chops, since he eats the simplest of food when by himself; I may also add, the most exquisite, for he grows his herbs and knows how to get the best of all fresh food. He is an unduly modest man, however. He is well known in France as a contributor to many gastronomic journals, and as a teacher of cooking courses in the south of France. For several months now he will also be teaching and demonstrating throughout the United States. His techniques with foods are dazzling. But you don't have to have his techniques in order to produce his delectable dishes: I don't have them, and yet the food came out marvelously well, the memory of the scent of the wild herbs on the hills of Provence making my heart ache as I read and cooked. □

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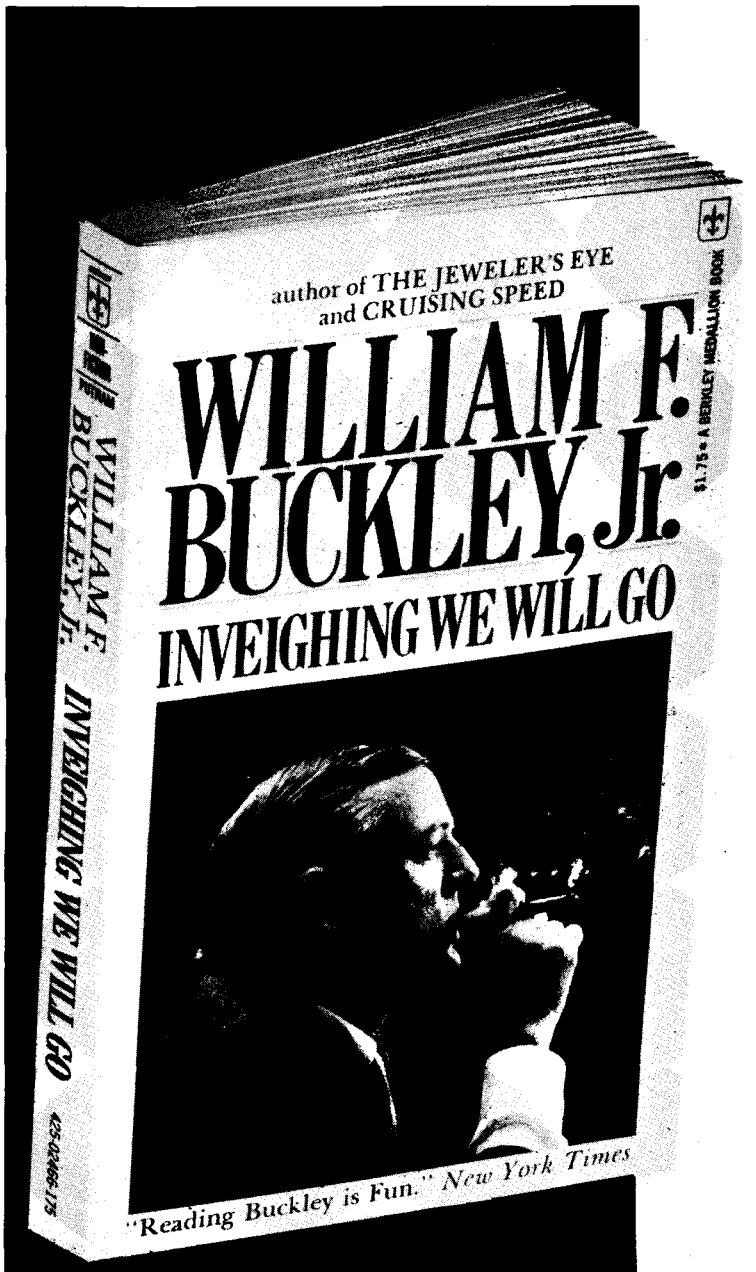
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BOOKS

Our Face

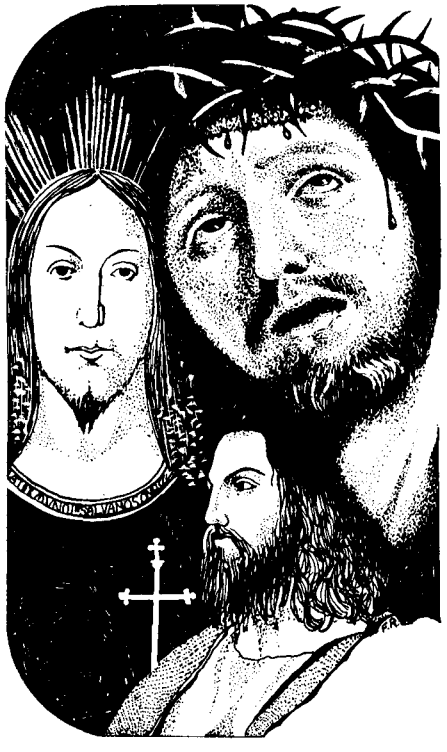
RUTH BERENSON

The Faces of Jesus
By Frederick Buechner, Photography by Lee Boltin
Riverwood/Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $29.95 till Christmas; then $35

The Faces of Jesus, one of the most beautiful books to appear this season, is not only an unusually happy blending of picture and text, but one a reader, or even a browser, can appreciate on many levels. The illustrations, chosen and marvelously photographed by Lee Boltin, show us Christ's face as artists, mostly anonymous or little known, have imagined it through the centuries—carved in wood and stone, modeled in clay, painted, drawn, stitched, hammered out of gold, scratched on ivory or whalebone. The text by Frederick Buechner, novelist and clergyman, does not merely describe the pictures but, in a prose at once colloquial and lyric, dramatically and profoundly elucidates the universal—and that means the personal—meaning of the familiar episodes of Jesus' life from the Annunciation to the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, so that they seem miraculously new and, in the word's true sense, relevant.

The illustrations confirm the author's thesis: "The face of Jesus is our face." They are taken from all parts of the world—from Japan, Korea, China, Melanesia, Africa, as well as Europe and America; they range in time from the earliest Christians to the present. The collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are especially well represented, as are those of the new Vatican Museum of Contemporary Christian Art (which, judging from the quality of the objects reproduced here, is far better than many reports had indicated); but there are many other sources, public and private. The selection is deliberately not a compilation of masterpieces: Christ's face has inspired the humble, the tasteless, the inept as well as the great. Thus we are given the awkward scribblings of young children, a cloying Madonna by a contemporary Korean, a more than usually repellent Dali, and three pseudoprimitive felt banners by the American Norman Laliberte, which may have set back by several years the long-hoped-for revival of Christian art in this country. Yet the very eclecticism which marks the choice of illustrations demonstrates better than words the numberless ways in which Jesus has been imagined.

A further fascination of the illustrations is their unfamiliarity. The predictables—Raphael's *Madonnas*, Michelangelo's *Pietà*, Rembrandt's *Crucifixion*, all those great works of art that have come to seem shopworn through overexposure—are missing. Instead, we are taken on a voyage of discovery of little-known works whose visual impact is heightened by their newness: the staring, angular, mask-like head of Christ from the twelfth century bronze doors of the church of San Zeno in Verona, for instance, or the sinuous lines of a *Last Supper*, painted on silk by a forgotten Chinese artist toward the end of the nineteenth century; the Passion rendered by a Japanese serigrapher of our own time, or by a Belgian who stitched it, in gold and silver threads, on a sixteenth century chasuble.



Buechner's beautiful words enhance the images. Of a late medieval *Last Supper* in the Metropolitan, which I must have seen hundreds of times without really looking at it, he notes a dream-like quality, adding, "it is a stone dream, a dream which hangs heavy in the memory long after waking, that cries out to be understood and at the same time—unyielding and impenetrable as Stonehenge—defies understanding." There are other descriptions, equally unforgettable: a small gilt *Corpus Christi* "looks definitely Semitic with the shape of his nose, the cut of his beard, the way he has somehow shrugged off his cross. He is Abraham, Shylock, Dreyfus, the Baal Shem. He is a Jew here, all Jews." Describing the black *Christ Crowned with Thorns*, a masterpiece by an unknown African artist of our own time, he is—for once—almost at a loss for words: "There is no way of saying all that shines out of such a face other than the way the wood has said it. Compassion, beauty, sorrow, majesty, love—as words they are so freighted with meaning that they finally founder. The wood is mute. What it tells is simply all there is to tell about what it means to be black, what it means to be a man, what it means to be God."

Jesus' face, nowhere described by his contemporaries, is, as Dr. Buechner says, "a face that belongs to us somehow, our age, our culture; a face we somehow belong to. Like the faces of

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the people we love, it has become so familiar that unless we take pains we hardly see it at all." In words and in pictures, this book makes it easier to see the reality of the unseen—and for many, perhaps, to believe. □

The Young Lloyd George
By John Grigg
University of California, 320 pp., $12

DEMYTHOLOGIZING THE YOUNG LG

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Whether long or short, every portrait of Lloyd George, young or old, seems to start with J. M. Keynes's marvelous lines evoking a sort of Celtic warlock: "this syren, this goat-footed bard . . . from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity." So does John Grigg's; but it does not, I am glad to say, end there. It is Grigg's aim here to make the ultimate Lloyd George, especially the World War I prime minister and temporary captor of the sternest Tories, more intelligible by making the young Lloyd George less supernatural—demythologizing him, as it were.

It is a splendid job, one of the best of recent political biographies, distinguished throughout by a feel for the texture of politics that comes only—as Grigg somewhere says—from growing up political. You cannot learn what Grigg knows about politicians and their habitats in a grad school seminar.

Yet one must add a mild warning. Grigg is conducting an unabashed search, in Lloyd George's early years and deeds, for the Toryism that would emerge in the Big Englander and war minister of a quarter-century later; some may find the search a bit tendentious, although I did not. Inevitably, however, it is Grigg's suggestion that much in the early LG was theatrical and temporary.

Did the young MP from Caernarvon Boroughs, appearing at Westminster in 1890, seem a firm Gladstonian? It was partly pose. The romance of the Celtic fringe with Gladstone made less sense for Wales than for Ireland. Indeed, Lloyd George discerned the suicidal implications of the home rule question for the Liberal Party from the outset. But Gladstonians were being elected. LG became a Gladstonian.

Did the caustic oratory about the lords of the realm and the Anglican bishops disclose the soul of a radical, a leveler, almost a Fifth Monarchy man reincarnate? Much of it, says Mr. Grigg, was box office stuff "not meant to be taken personally." LG had a great gift for phrasemaking; and like all natural phrasemakers he often seemed more outlandish than he was. "Poodle-hugging dames of the Primrose League" was a typical thrust. "Such phrases may have been a little cheap," observes Grigg, "but they were good for the box office."

Have many historians and biographers portrayed Lloyd George as a raw provincial upstart? This is imprecise; he came of "not so humble origins," the son of a Welsh schoolmaster whose heritage was that of a conscious Welsh elite distinguished for their allegiance to Welsh culture and quite unlike any comparable English or Scottish caste.

Does Lloyd George come down to us represented, in his opposition to the Boer War, as a Little Englander, an anti-imperialist? He was neither. He himself took a flier in the Patagonian gold fields, and had good reason to understand the lust for gold that sent the South African "outlanders" elbowing onto Boer turf. What he actually resented was a conspiracy to involve the British government in freebooting; and he later was to be genuinely repelled by the measures (including the first "concentration camps") which this first of modern guerrilla wars required of England.

To be sure, the revisionist flavor of the portrait does not make it wrong. The documentation, if select, is convincing on all points. And in truth if Lloyd George was an actor he had stage presence. He did not palliate his criticism of the Boer War with asides—however timely—to the effect that he actually thought the empire was a good thing.

Of Grigg's basic contention there can be little doubt. Considering his place in recent British history—second only to that of Winston Churchill—Lloyd George's early life has indeed drawn "absurdly scant attention." The absurdity, moreover, is twofold: not only on account of the eventual distinction of his career, but because the young Lloyd George was intensely interesting—this brilliant young Welshman who grew up with his uncle's portrait of Lincoln looking down from the parlor wall: "The example of a country lawyer rising to national leadership would inevitably have appealed to [him] sooner or later. . . . He grew up with Lincoln's example vividly in mind."

Grigg shows how the political ferment in Wales in the latter two decades of the nineteenth century sped LG's rise. There was the question of home rule; there was also the question of the Anglican establishment, although the march from chapel to church was steadily diminishing its importance. But in 1888, an obstinate and bigoted Anglican parson sought to guard his burying ground from the contamination of nonconformist dust, and thereby created a case that made the young solicitor a provincial hero.

There was, of course, a ruthlessness about Lloyd George, even young, that shows through in his fascinating letters to Margaret Owen, before and after their troubled marriage. How many swains have written to their beloveds as Lloyd George did? "Now once and for ever let us have an end of this . . . wrangle. It comes to this. My supreme idea is to get on. To this idea I shall sacrifice everything—except I trust honesty. I am prepared to thrust even love itself under the wheels of my Juggernaut if it obstructs the way . . ."

It is clear from this correspondence, as from other sources, that Lloyd George was not, as Grigg insists, other than a "big man" from the outset—a young man with large designs who at age 17 not only knew the uses of radical oratory but understood the finer points of the Tory tradition he would some day coopt.

I suppose that this biography will be controversial. In its search for the late Lloyd George in the early one, in its

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effort to establish continuity, Grigg necessarily assigns to design and volition what is rarely so neatly planned and willed for so long. Even with that caveat—and its force is diminished by carefully marshaled evidence—this is superb biography. If Lloyd George was by universal stipulation no saint, neither was he a "syren" whose rise must mysteriously be traced to the hag-ridden enchantment of the Welsh hills. □

Political Promises: Essays and Commentaries on American Politics
By Nelson W. Polsby
Oxford, 304 pp., $9.95

POLI SCI; SO WHAT?

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Here are two Nelson Polsbys. The first of them is Polsby the "policy scientist," adept at juggling statistics and guiding the Arrowsmiths of the political science department. The second is Polsby the political commentator, whose spittle is acid with tobacco juice and whose eye has been narrowed by long and careful surveillance of the gyrations of local, state, and federal politicos. Speaking generally, Nelson Polsby probably regards Polsby I as a fellow superior to Polsby II. Not that he is unsympathetic to the newsmen as they go their daily rounds meeting their daily deadlines; but he believes, all the same, that they are paid to run about picking up facts, not to think. Thinking is for policy scientists. Yet Polsby himself is at his staggering best when tossing a cigar around his gums. Thus employed, he turns out pieces that could never be mistaken for the work of so many members of the American Political Science Association, from Harvard to Walla Walla College.

As a journalist, Polsby observes: "In bypassing the strategy of assembling a coalition of interest groups, McGovern has placed his candidacy squarely at the mercy of the media. . . . There is no such thing as an unconstrained presidential candidacy." Of the Nixon *Cosa Nostra*: "it appears that a significant part of this Administration's troubles since the Watergate revelations began are rooted in a loss of confidence among other Washington elites that Mr. Nixon seems to have suffered well before everything came undone as the result of the mandate [i.e., plebiscitary] theory of accountability." Such shrewdness is frequently clamped to a bedrock common sense: Polsby, "an irritable but essentially moderate political scientist," regards political institutions in this country as being "probably indispensable for the pursuit by anybody of decent and profitable lives." Even congressional seniority, it appears, is something more than the preserve of beaky and senescent trolls: "Representatives and senators start off their congressional careers resenting the seniority system. But after a while, as one of them told me, 'it sort of begins to grow on you.' "

Thus Polsby the deft commentator, the prehensile and clever expositor: thus Polsby II, who delights me to the degree that Polsby I oppresses my spirit by such remarks as, "Congress is an organization. The behavior of the people who work there becomes comprehensible once we understand how the organization is designed." Could anything be more perfectly fitted to set a state university freshman to dreaming of the

Homecoming Ball and Beauty Queen? Or again: "extremism is like a virus in the body politic that to a certain extent is there all the time."

POLSBY is certain that a policy scientist bears upon his shoulders the continued welfare of American political institutions: a great seriousness thus befits him, as it befits a biochemist isolating a cancer cell. Does the press exhibit intrinsic evils? "It therefore becomes part of our responsibility to understand the craft norms, training experiences, economizing devices, time-binds, managerial demands, and subcultural definitions of the situation that create the political theories that people live by." Human events, so runs the presumption, are the result of repeatable processes: the poli scientist is out to nail most of them before they have a chance to duplicate themselves and run us all into ruin. Take, for example, the social and political processes that produced McCarthyism. "Understanding extremism in America is one of the great unmet challenges to political scholarship. . . . The laws of social interaction governing extreme forms of collective behavior are not at all well formulated. . . . The causes assigned to their own behavior by extremists are not adequate to explain what is going on."

ACTUALLY, Polsby's assessment of McCarthy's support—settled upon only after close investigation of such vintage poli sci interpretations as the one that lays the McCarthy fad to status anxiety—is eminently sensible, though not of Polsby's own devising. Simply stated, it argues that the Wisconsin war hero's clientele, beyond the limits of the national capital, was composed mainly of grassroots Republicans with no organization and no coherent set of formulated improvements. Had the policy scientists opposed myth with fact back in 1950-54, Polsby believes, they could have assembled information on "current states and locations of pro-McCarthy sentiment."

But why didn't they? The relevant facts, as in the case of the defeat of Senator Benton of Connecticut in 1952—a defeat that has been widely assumed to have been inflicted through McCarthy's vengeful activities—were on tap, as Polsby is the first to admit. Anyone of average perceptive intelligence—whether savvy journalist or poli scientist—could presumably have made sense out of that information. And yet *nobody* did so. Can it be, after all, that a policy scientist is as susceptible as a newspaper columnist to the sway of national hysteria? Well, why not? It may be true that, as Polsby claims, the policy science brethren have "a grounding in the main theories that purport to explain how societies and social organizations work"; but is it true also that they are capable of employing the insights derived from that knowledge with an objectivity greater than that of, say, Senator John Stennis, Representative Ms. Abzug, Dan Rather, or James J. Kilpatrick? Polsby thinks that, despite the fact that the congressional committee system functions effectively as a source of representatives' specialized information, Con-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JANUARY TITLES: Oxford's John Wain portrays *Samuel Johnson* (Viking, $10). . . . French journalist Georges Bortoli seeks to unravel *The Death of Stalin* (Praeger, $8.95). . . . Bruce (*In Search of Nixon*) Mazlish now tries psychoanalyzing *James and John Stuart Mill*, and the strange habits of the two eminent liberals yield no lack of material (Basic, $15). Still the rationalist, Sidney Hook reiterates his philosophy for the same publisher in *Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life* ($12.50). . . . Sartre continues to oscillate *Between Existentialism and Marxism* (Pantheon, $8.95). . . . *NR* contributor Hugh Kenner studies American modernist writers in *A Homemade World* (Knopf, $7.95). . . . Alexander Berkman, deported from the U.S. during the "Red Scare," wound up in Russia in 1920, left in 1923, recorded his disillusion in *The Bolshevik Myth*, now reissued in an unexpurgated edition (Liveright, $9.95; paper, $3.45).

The first volume of Murray Rothbard's history of Colonial America is called *Conceived in Liberty* (Arlington, $15). . . . *Pirandello* is a biography by Gaspare *Giudice* (Oxford, $12). . . . *Hoffa: The Real Story* is by the great man himself (Nash, $8.95). . . . Osip Mandelstam's *Selected Poems* due from Farrar ($7.95; Noonday paperback, $2.95). . . . Nostalgia from *Times*man Cabell Phillips: *The 1940s* (Macmillan, $12.95). . . . *Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence* captures from the archives six hundred of their fateful messages (Saturday Review Press, $17.50). . . . *The Tears of Autumn* unveils Charles McGarry's theory that Diem did in JFK (Saturday Review Press, $7.95). . . . Thomas J. O'Hanlon's subtitle suffers from Gaelic understatement: *The Irish: Sinners, Saints, Gentry, Gamblers, Priests, Heroes, Villains, Rebels, Maoists, Tories, Orangemen, Dippers, and Other Proud Natives of the Fabled Isle* (Harper, $10).

■ SPORTS TITLES: Thomas Kiernan evokes the old baseball Giants in *Miracle at Coogan's Bluff* for T. Y. Crowell (March, $8.95). . . . *America's Tennis Book* is a primer by Curtis W. Casewit (Scribner's, April, $9.95). . . . *Where Have You Gone, Joe DiMaggio?* is a life by Maury Allen (Dutton, May, $8.95). . . . Bob Ryan traces the rebuilding of the Boston Celtics in *Seven O'Clock in the Lobby* (Little, Brown; April, $6.95). . . . *Bear* is the autobiography of Bear Bryant (Little, Brown; Jan., $7.95). The same house unveils *Moe Berg*, a life of the scholar-catcher by Louis Kaufman, Barbara Fitzgerald, and Tom Sewell (Jan., $7.95). . . . The hard knocks Joe Louis gave and got are recorded in Gerald Astor's book, . . . *And a Credit to His Race* (Saturday Review Press, Jan., $7.95).

gress nevertheless should tap the pool of academic political wizards as the Executive taps the economic when assembling the Council of Economic Advisers. Reading this recommendation in the fall of 1974 one thinks, with sardonic forbearance, of the spectacle provided by the recent economic "summit" meeting of eight hundred academic maestros.

What, in brief, has the poli scientist to contribute to the study of politics that a clever nonscientist cannot offer in as good, or better, form? The answer, so I suspect, is very little. One of the best pieces in the present collection of papers, reviews, columns, and scholarly articles is called "Two Strategies of Influence" and seeks to explain the translation of Carl Albert from Member to Speaker of the House over the bid of Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri, not as a triumph of stand-pattism over liberalism, but as the triumph of a campaign waged within the House over a campaign waged outside of it. The thing is enormously well done, tremendously informative. Yet it could as easily have been written by, say, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., or Robert Sherrill, as by a poli scientist: that is to say, it could have been composed by any man at once as knowledgeable in the ways of contemporary politics and as brilliant as Mr. Polsby certainly is.

In his Preface, Polsby identifies the human viscera as "the seat of political belief." Along in his book, he waxes eloquent over the late Representative Clem Miller's *Member of the House: Letters of a Congressman*. In his opinion, "Miller's was a mind that ruminated upon the classic questions of politics: What moves men? What prizes do they covet? When are they hesitant? When bold? What leads them to affection? To animosity?"

Who would prostrate himself before a poli scientist to learn the answers to such questions? Richard Neustadt hasn't got the answers. But Machiavelli had them; and Gibbon; and Burke; and Burckhardt. Nelson Polsby has some of them, when he forsakes the laboratory and the forums of the APSA for the salon or the makeup room. □

Babe: The Legend Comes to Life
By Robert Creamer
Simon & Schuster, 443 pp., $9.95

IT'S ABOUT BABE, BUT NOT FOR BABES

FREDRICK FOSTER

Most baseball books are so bad that the mediocre ones get raves: a callow debunker like Jim Bouton is hailed as "honest," a bombastic blubberer like Roger Kahn as "sensitive." Their books try to get into the literary big leagues by intimating that baseball is a wormy cross-section of our society, or a virile metaphor for life itself, or something. I have enough problems with the human condition, and if I want to read about it, I figure there's always Shakespeare, Mickey Spillane, people like that. But what if I want to read about baseball?

Well, there's Robert Creamer, who manages to be literate *and* to keep his eye on the ball. He writes on the assumption that Babe Ruth is an interesting subject in himself, and I for one am willing to read a book on the very same assumption. In fact, I have done so several times, most recently, I think, when I was 12. This, however, isn't a book for 12-year-olds. Much of its interest lies in stories of the sort that were until lately described as "unprintable," especially if they concerned public figures other than Hitler.

Ruth was a combination of bawdiness and naiveté. There is Ruth the rookie minor leaguer sitting on the curb in front of his team's hotel, explaining to an inquisitive older teammate that he is waiting for a streetwalker; and there is Ruth the world-famous celebrity, visiting Japan for the first time, and starting to disrobe almost the moment he enters a geisha house. A huge, horny Peter Pan.

The same character shows up in the mildly scatological stories, as when Ruth, refusing to eat asparagus, reassures his hostess: "It's not that I don't like it—it's just that it makes my urine smell." Or when a friend, dining with his wife *chez* Ruth, tries to divert the

Fredrick Foster *is a freelance writer who lives in New York.*

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conversation for her sake from an unsavory subject to the safer one of Ruth's trophies. Ruth promptly shows them his favorite trophy, invites them to guess how he got it; they give up. "I won first prize in a farting contest. Honest. Read the writing on it. Boy, I had to down a lot of beer and limburger to win that one." Such friends were always embarrassed—for their wives. Their wives were always charmed.

Creamer casts doubt on almost all the printable legends, like the one that Ruth "called his shot" in the 1931 World Series, or the one that has him dangling his tiny manager Miller Huggins off the back of a speeding train. His meticulous scholarship makes one sigh for such lost legends, but it earns him the authority to pronounce with finality on Ruth's stature. I can't imagine any reader doubting, after reading this book, that Ruth was the greatest hitter of all. I wish I could still say it was Ted Williams, but I can't.

The book has no visible axes to grind, and goes leisurely through Ruth's career, stopping along the way to investigate baseball politics during the Great War, the details of Ruth's trade from the Red Sox to the Yankees, the imponderables of his contract disputes. I was amused to learn that the *New York Times*, even in the Twenties, became schoolmarmishly indignant at the disparity between Ruth's salary and that of a distinguished visiting professor. Some things haven't changed much. □

FICTION

Doctor Frigo
By Eric Ambler
Atheneum, 311 pp., $8.95

OF BANANA REPUBLICS AND HABSBURGS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

John Le Carré, Len Deighton, Frederick Forsyth, kindly take one step sideways and to the rear, the old master is back. Half a dozen pages of *Doctor Frigo* is all it takes to confirm that the author of *Coffin for Dimitrios* and *Epitaph for a Spy* has lost none of his inventive cunning. Like a juggler, Eric Ambler tosses plots and personalities, complications and villainies in the air, snakes one out of the blue here, keeps that bouncing subplot going over there. And seasons this tale of mystery, adventure, and espionage with one of the zaniest love stories to have come along in an age. Doctor Frigo's mistress, the delectable Elizabeth (whose great-great-great grandmother was a daughter of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria) is able to find an applicable parallel in the history of the Habsburgs to any given present-day situation, even the coup that is being hatched against a Central American republic off whose shores lie untapped oil reserves, the exploration of which in these post-Arab-boycott days has become wildly profitable. The international oil consortium interested in exploiting the oil fields is nothing if not farsighted. Rather than deal with an unstable government *in situ*, it plans to import its own.

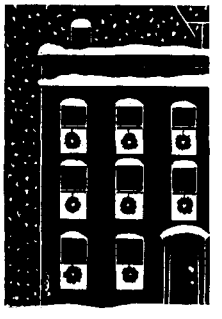
The *personae dramatis* converge on the French island of St. Paul-les-Alizés because France is a major partner in the consortium but also because Dr. Ernesto Castillo Reyes (known locally as Dr. Frigo) is working there. Castillo's father, leader of the Social Democratic Party that is about to be restored to power, was assassinated 14 years earlier. The younger Castillo's presence in the cortège of the new leader, Manuel Villegas, will lend legitimacy to the new regime, and the French authorities, who hold Castillo's working papers, can ensure his cooperation.

Ambler brings to his story the descriptive eye of a painter, the detachment of a puppet master, the precision of a diamond cutter. The tastes, the smells and colors of the tropics, the dust, mosquitoes, and dirt, the motorbike that skips a beat, the restored colonial façades and the antique plumbing, all play their part in enveloping the reader in an atmosphere that must taste, feel, and smell authentic if the story is to seem credible. British authors—one thinks of Conrad, Maugham, the earlier Graham Greene—excel at this; Ambler also has mastered it.

But atmosphere is never subordinated to plot. Mysteries abound. There's a tale of medical detection. What is the mysterious ailment that afflicts Manuel Villegas? Can it be concealed from the guerrilla leaders who will rendezvous in St. Paul-les-Alizés to make the final arrangements for the takeover? There's the 14-year-old mystery of the murder of the elder Castillo. It is rumored that Manuel Villegas might have been involved. Somewhere there must be someone who knows, and who will talk or can be made to talk. If it is Villegas, how will young Dr. Castillo react? On whose side are El Lobo, the young Maoist leader, and Fra Bartolomeo, the drunken priest of the barrios?

Come the day of the coup, the exiles' first heady, and to a considerable extent mismanaged, 24 hours in power, a kidnapping, a murder and another assassination, and the unraveling of all the mysteries.

And woven through it all, the love affair with Elizabeth (Maria Valeria Modena Elizabeth von Habsburg-Lorraine Martens) Duplessis. Elizabeth's idea of a farewell present to a lover off to topple a government is the first volume of the correspondence of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. To be sure, Elizabeth has underlined a warm love passage from a letter Maria Theresa had written her bridegroom-to-be the night before the wedding (which heartens Dr. Frigo; is this finally Elizabeth's promise to marry him?). But as Dr. Frigo reads on he discovers that the bridegroom-to-be was a boob who allowed himself to be cheated out of his ancestral duchy (Lorraine). Just what was Elizabeth suggesting by her gift?



As Castillo returns from the wars, having lost what might be considered his duchy, he muses:

"As a keeper of secrets I have been a failure, and as a man of action ineffectual.

"Even Colonel Apis would have thought twice before sending me to Sarajevo. Not Gabrilo Princip then; not even Cabrionovic who threw the bomb that missed . . .

"No doubt Elizabeth will have the full answer—a fitting reincarnation based on sound precedents. . . ."

Here, then, a first-class novel of suspense—vintage Ambler—plus a rollicking love story. □

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Strictly Speaking: Will America Be the Death of English?
By Edwin Newman
Bobbs-Merrill, 193 pp., $7.95

MURDER STORY

JOHN C. OTTINGER

Edwin Newman's first book is significant for two related reasons, the wryly humorous manner with which it takes aim at a host of prevalent linguistic horrors, and the resultant fact that it will reach a far larger audience of sinners than could ever be touched by more serious works. Newman's own proper respect for the correct use of the language glows unfailingly on every page, as it does—one must state in fairness—in his customary role on NBC's air, to a degree few of his TV contemporaries equal.

By far the best of his eight chapters is the first, "Hopefully, Fit to Print." It is a treasury of oft-repeated clichés, redundancies, and plain silly phraseology in the printed press. Example: a *New York Times* story of the "successful foiling" of a hijack attempt on a Russian airliner. "The story went on . . . but never did tell us how close Bugayev came to unsuccessfully foiling the attempt." Marathon talks, uneasy truces ("who ever heard of an easy truce?"), eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations, "convince to," "hopefully," "different than," "true facts"—all get proper and witty condemnation, all with many cited examples. The most often mentioned culprit is the *Times*, of whose internal spank sheet, *Winners & Sinners*, Newman would make a splendid editor.

Inevitably, Newman zeroes in on the gobbledygook of Washington and the obfuscations and pomposities of politicians everywhere. Many others have tried it before, but few since H. L. Mencken have done it so perceptively or with such devastating scope. (And HLM had no hunting ground as lush as Watergate.) While he's at it, Newman has a blistering go at the inadequacies of the presidential news conference ("it would hardly matter if it weren't held at all"), at speechwriters (he favors public name credits for even presidential ghostwriters), and at the "deadening effect" of public opinion polls ("a malign influence on our politics"). And there is a 1964 segment of *Meet the Press* in which then-Mayor Robert Wagner of New York unloaded what surely must stand as one of the most windily evasive interviews ever aired. Political conventions provide another cornucopia of targets for Newman's critical barbs.

There's a lengthy tour through the already well traveled morasses of advertising English before Newman takes aim at "the leader . . . the social sciences."

"It is in the social sciences that the true language viability destructions-generating capacity lies . . . A large part of social scientific practice consists of taking clear ideas and making them opaque." But social scientists' jargon is so dull that even Newman tires of it after a few pages, and moves on to the familiar linguistic atrocities of sports figures, sportswriters, and sportscasters—especially those who are former players.

"There is no way to measure the destructive effect of sports broadcasting on ordinary American English. . . . In the early days sports broadcasting was done, with occasional exceptions . . . by non-experts, announcers. Their knowledge of the sports they described varied, but their English was generally of a high order. . . . Then came the experts, which is to say the former athletes. They could tell you a great deal about the inside but—again with some exceptions—not in a comprehensible way. . . . The effect is deadening, on the enjoyment to be had from watching sports on television or reading about them . . . and on the language we see and hear around us."

ALL IN ALL, it's a book that anyone concerned with or about the language can read with profit—and pleasure. There is not a pedantic line in it. Puns, of which Newman is aggressively fond, abound—often when least expected ("Ours is a time when Secretary William Simon advises Congress, 'One cannot ad hoc tax reform.' He might have added that there are no bargains at ad hoc shops"). And the final short chapter is unabashedly devoted almost entirely to puns, including some acknowledged as Newman originals.

But for all of the book's genuine values, one cannot help wishing it had gone much further in two directions.

Newman assails the linguistic lapses of many American groups and classes, but pays little or no heed to the manifold transgressions of his own fellow-parishioners—the newscasters of the networks. No small omission either. When Walter Cronkite calls an event "portentious," won't millions of CBS listeners conclude he can't be wrong? If TV is, as research avers, the major news source for most Americans, its newscasts' power to improve or debase the language is tremendous.

Second, while Newman works hard to make the revolt of youth against everything establishmentarian the prime culprit, nowhere does he affix blame at the primary point, the decline in the teaching and learning of English (especially grammar and spelling) which has been going on at all age and grade levels for decades. Perhaps these two points suggest a sequel. Newman among others could produce a good one. □

John C. Ottinger *often writes about media for* NR, Columbia Journalism Review, *and other journals.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BOHEMIAN GROVE AND OTHER RETREATS: *A Study in Ruling Class Cohesiveness, by G. William Domhoff (Harper, 250 pp., $7.95).* Every now and then a bunch of rich, influential, aging American males gathers at Bohemian Grove in Northern California, to camp out, put on skits, booze it up, and, occasionally, visit nearby watering places in search of what Domhoff calls, cutely—as academics (he's a University of California social scientist) are prone to do—"female companionship." (What he means is that they try to pick up whores.) The subject is a fascinating one, its inherent interest lying in an account of the manners and morals of these aging boys. What do they look like and sound like when they do what they do? How do they do what they do and why do they do it? But Domhoff misses it all. There's no texture here, no life, no fabric. In his preface he tells us he had three research assistants to do the digging; several undergraduate papers from which he borrowed; two readers; a typist who took care of grammar and spelling; and financial assistance both from his publisher and from the University of California. All this artillery, enough support to keep a hundred good writers grubbing away in their garrets for a couple of years. And what do we get? Barely 111 pages of text (the rest of the book is padded out with a list of names and affiliations). And that skimpy text, in big type, consists almost solely of awkward paraphrases of secondary sources, primarily old Herb Caen columns and badly dated news stories and pamphlets. At $7.95, an unfortunately typical academic ripoff.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

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TOLEDANO

(Continued from page 1463)

violability of privacy in group action may in many circumstances be indispensable to preservation of freedom of association, particularly where a group espouses dissident beliefs . . .

We think that the production order . . . must be regarded as entailing the likelihood of a substantial restraint upon the exercise by petitioner's members of their right of freedom of association. Petitioner has made an uncontroverted showing that on past occasions revelation of the identity of its rank-and-file members has exposed these members to economic reprisal, loss of employment, threat of physical coercion.

The Court added that "compelled disclosure" would be "likely to affect adversely the ability of petitioner and its members to pursue their collective effort . . . in that it may induce members to withdraw from the Association and dissuade others from joining it because of fear . . . of the consequences of this exposure."

This is clear enough even for Mr. Rauh, and it has led to the growing suspicion among observers of the labor scene that he filed his suit aware that, whatever obeisance a Judge Richey might make, he would lose in the higher courts.

Then, having lost, Big Labor's lobbyists could march up Capitol Hill and demand regressive and repressive legislation to curb the legitimate activities of those who oppose compulsory unionism. The polls show that 70 per cent of all Americans are convinced that Big Labor has too much power. Other polls have demonstrated that two-thirds of the general public and roughly half of all trade union families are opposed to compulsory unionism. On the day that the media begin to publicize these facts, the labor sachems will find themselves in deep trouble and Mr. Rauh in want of clients. Better strike while the iron is hot.

The bill of particulars against the Foundation and the National Right to Work Committee presented to the courts by Mr. Rauh and his client unions, all dealing with legally sanctioned and legitimate activities, is colored by specious imputations of illegality. It could easily serve as the skeleton of new legislation to be enacted by the "veto-proof" Congress for which Mr. Meany and the AFL-CIO so strenuously—and expensively—campaigned. Such legislation would complete the immunity which a docile judiciary has allowed Big Labor. The case of Joseph L. Rauh Jr. against the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation transcends the issues, broad as they are, which the plaintiffs have attempted to raise. It is the point of a new attempt not only to subvert the Landrum-Griffin Act by judicial fiat but to smother an already gasping Bill of Rights. □

YOUNG

(Continued from page 1458)

during the early Middle Ages, altered man's "relation to the soil" by doing "violence" to the earth and by leading to the consolidation of land into larger holdings. "Is it coincidence," we are solemnly asked, "that modern technology, with its ruthlessness toward nature, has so largely been produced by the descendants of these peasants of northern Europe"? However, in the immediately preceding paragraph, White himself points out that the scratch plow was adequate "in the fairly light soils and semi-arid climates of the Near East and Mediterranean," but "was inappropriate to the wet climate and often sticky soils of northern Europe." It would appear that *this* piece of "Occidental technology" owes more to coincidence of climate and topography than to Christian dogma. Dry light soil and wet sticky soil present different "contexts" which must be "modified" in different ways if man is to live. After all, "technology" is nothing more than a rationally designed means of dealing with the environment which is appropriate to man's special gift (i.e., intelligence); therefore, to regard technology per se as evil is to regard man himself as evil. Hence the facile assumption that human changes in the environment are necessarily destructive proves to be illogical and nihilistic. The anti-Christian and anti-Western posture by White and

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by TOM McHALE

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JIM L. WINDLE:

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Toynbee is, off at the end, antihuman.

If indeed theology, rather than the comparative youth and vigor of Western culture, was responsible for its technical accomplishments, no Western Christian need be ashamed. A Christian opposes scientism, but not science; just as he opposes materialism, but not the material world. He is suspicious of "progress" when it is given a metaphysical or quasidivine status, but he is pleased by genuine improvement in men's lives.

It is undeniable that men have often treated the world around them in ways that were harmful to themselves and destructive of both the beauty and utility of nature. Sometimes this has been done out of ignorance, more commonly out of greed; and when men have at their disposal the forces generated by scientific knowledge and technique, the potential for damage is incalculable. The answer is not, however, to glorify nature as a goddess and to condemn man as the "cancer" of the earth (a phrase popularized by Dr. Paul Ehrlich). On the one hand, the neopaganism of the more radical environmentalists is simply silly: it is highly unlikely that men will be induced to revert to the worship of the trees and soil. On the other hand, this incipient neopaganism is merely a sentimental façade for something far uglier: what it amounts to is a thinly disguised assault on the traditional Western view of human dignity, of the innate worth and uniqueness of each individual—a view derived from the "anthropocentric" idea of Judaism and Christianity that man was made in God's image. Let us then ask Professors White and Toynbee, is it *coincidence* that environmentalists are among the most vociferous agitators for easy abortion, involuntary sterilization, state control of births, and even the starving out of "overpopulated" nations? Is it *coincidence* that the most determined attempt to revive "paganism" in our time occurred in Nazi Germany? It is certainly crass to regard redwood trees as expendable; it may even be foolish. But what is it to feel this way about human beings?

Lynn White and Arnold Toynbee have rendered their readers a gross disservice by distorting the significance of religion to the environmental issue. It is not a question of monotheism or even Christianity alone against Oriental or polytheistic religions; it is rather a question of religion against irreligion. Japan's industrial and ecologic problems are not the result of Japan's Christianization, because this never took place; nor did Christianity cause ecologic problems in Europe and America. In every instance the pattern is the same: secularization leads to the apotheosis of material "progress," and old traditions of piety and reverence—the sense of man's limitations and obligations—crumble. In Christianity, as in most religions of the world, pride—the attempt to transcend the conditions of mortal life and become as a god—is the fundamental sin, and the corresponding virtue is humility. What is usually called the "environmental" or "ecologic" crisis is really only one aspect of the pervasive moral and cultural crisis of our time, and the cause of this crisis is pride. For too long we have believed that no bounds need be placed on human ambition and desire, but now it has been discovered that even scientific technology, the instrument of modern man's intended self-deification, must bow to the finitude of reality.

As prospects for the realization of a Heavenly Kingdom of Man on earth have waned in recent years, left wing environmentalists—instead of granting that the thing is inherently impossible for fallen man—have decided that all the materialist paradise lacks is a sufficiency of materials. Their response to this alleged situation has been something less than "liberal"; rather than curb our inordinate desires for a "quality lifestyle" (viz., two Volvos in every garage plus a private virgin wilderness for every college professor where he can "relate to Nature"), we must simply eliminate people. It is one of the darkest ironies of our time that secular humanism, which began with man's glorification, has recently demoted him to the level of the white rat (behavioralism) and now threatens to subordinate his value to that of the great auk or the whooping crane (environmentalism). Whatever the conscious motivations of White and Toynbee, their articles contribute to an extremely frightening attack on Christianity, an attack which comes, not because Christian doctrine causes pollution, but because its valuation of human dignity, to which the world still clings, is an obstacle in the way of the more violent and brutal schemes of ecologically minded social planners. □

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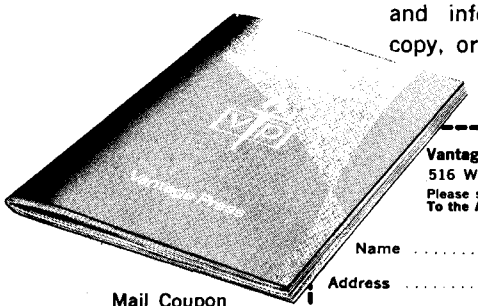

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

How to Approach the Wallaceite

New York, Dec. 6—There is a lot of talk going on among American conservatives, some of it in public, most of it in private, on the question whether there could be a fusion between traditional conservatives and Wallaceite populists in 1976 and, presumably, thereafter, if the wedding night proved blissful.

Some are very optimistic on the point. They single out, for example, the latest letter from George Wallace, sent out to who knows how many hundred thousand people, asking for money and for expressions of support. That letter lists five concerns of George Wallace, and all of them are among the traditional concerns of American conservatives: law and order, deficit spending, military preparedness, compulsory busing, and judicial tyranny. But merely to be "concerned" over deficit spending, the skeptics point out, is not sufficient to unite the populist and the conservative. Recently a skeptic gave as an example the single question of fuel conservation. More narrowly, gas. What do you do about the high cost of it?

A CONSERVATIVE would reason as follows: the high cost of gas must be passed along to the consumer. Simultaneously, the discovery of additional sources of fuel, or of fuel substitutes, should be encouraged. The higher cost of fuel itself would attract investment in oil exploration. If even more intensive exploration seemed desirable, then special tax advantages should be encouraged.

Now the populist does not tend to reason that way. First and foremost, the populist desires a villain. It doesn't help much to offer him a foreign villain, because the populist inclines toward isolationism, and isn't enthusiastic about sending the Marines to punish the foreign villain. So you have to come up with somebody more accessible than King Faisal. What you come up with is the Big Oil Companies. You start talking about their huge profits. Then you start talking about the problems of the little guy, who suddenly has to pay 60 cents per gallon for his gasoline, while the rich Park Avenue matrons clip their coupons. That's the kind of thing that rolls off George Wallace's tongue as naturally as his talk about pointyheads in the Supreme Court telling us where to send our children to school. There is instant demagogic satisfaction here: an identifiable villain. A quick "solution"—increase the taxes on the rich, and reduce the price of the gasoline. It matters not at all that the "solution" is guaranteed to make things worse in the long run. In the long run, populist rhetoric simply changes the subject.

So that the question is: can conservatives teach the populists the elements of economic arithmetic sufficient to train them to understand such rudimentary things as that you cannot reduce gas consumption without reducing gas consumption? And that this can only be done, in a free society, by the pressures of economic pricing? The other day William Simon was accused of having no policy on fuel. His reply was eloquent: "I have 11 times publicly recommended to two Presidents a higher tax on gasoline." That is a policy.

But is it one that George Wallace could be persuaded to adopt? Could a conservative reach over the head of George Wallace to his constituents, and seduce them into the conservative camp? Probably not without Wallace's active cooperation. Could that be achieved? The chances are against it, but the effort should be made, and the advances to Wallace should be made privately, and very soon. The obvious man to make them is: Ronald Reagan. Armed with the figures, he should stop by at Montgomery, and try it out. After all, if you can't explain the advantages of a free market in gas, what do you do with the complicated issues? □

THE CLASSIC DILEMMA

New York, Dec. 14—The administrators of many of the country's colleges and universities are these days grateful for their long experience in the civil disobedience of their students. They are preparing something of the sort in protest against the promulgation of the so-called Buckley Amendment, which went into effect last month, having earlier this year been tagged on to the omnibus educational subsidy bill at the urging of the sainted junior senator from New York, Mr. James L. Buckley. The rider is known as the "Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974."

It passed as a result of one of those infrequent and felicitous conjunctions of right and left wing pressure. Mr. Buckley, desiring to protect the privacy of students, found himself in the same camp with the American Civil Liberties Union, which desires the same thing. Usually the ACLU desires that kind of thing in order to protect people from being prosecuted, or convicted. Senator Buckley desires it in order to protect students from wandering around the country for the rest of their lives with a hidden albatross around their neck—hostile information, of a factual or evaluative nature, that is often available to almost anyone who wants to look at the file—except the man the file describes.

THE RIDER gives to the parents of students in primary and secondary schools the right to inspect these files, to protect their children against malice, and otherwise to respect their privacy. At the college level, the bill permits college students to march into the relevant offices and demand to see their files.

Now there are some very good arguments against Senator Buckley's rider. It is true—for instance—that a teacher, asked to give a recommendation to a college senior for review by the admissions board of a graduate school, is not likely to be so candid if he thinks there is a chance that the student he is describing will himself be reviewing the professor's recommendation. Or take the parent who sends his boy to a prep school to which said parent has been donating gymnasiums or whatever for a generation. Suddenly he discovers that the headmaster's letter to Harvard discreetly advises Harvard that the young man is a pain in the behind, and ought not to be admitted into the company of civilized people. There goes the hockey rink. There is even the objection that parents often lie to their children about their financial resources. But they cannot lie to the admissions office, so now the college student discovers, after commandeering the parents' file, the discrepancy: and the family is destroyed—not for ages have there been such ululations from college deans about the integrity of the family. Next we will be

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hearing from them plans to invite parents to college for prayer meetings, on the grounds that the family that prays together, stays together.

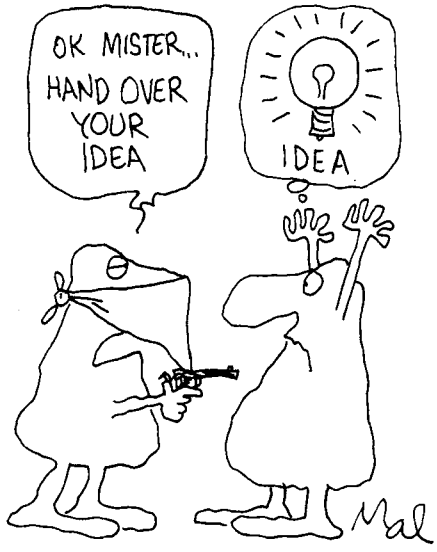
Indeed, the resistance of the college administrators is in the classic mode. Interpret the law, if possible, ludicrously. Thus Mr. Albert B. Fitt, legal adviser to Yale University, has said without, one gathers, cracking a smile, that under the new Act, "grades may no longer be sent to parents." This because the Act specifies that no data from the files may be sent to anyone without the students' consent, and Mr. Fitt is here suggesting that the students would deny knowledge of their grades to their parents. And get this: he announced that no longer would football programs contain details about an athlete's weight, "etc.," "unless the statutory written consent has been obtained."

That is, of course, the way to torpedo a bill: to treat it the way Hugo Black and William Douglas treat the Bill of Rights, i.e., stretch it into incoherence.

THE TROUBLE is, there is much that is correct in the objections to the Act as it now stands. First and most obvious, Congress shouldn't trespass *ex post facto* on arrangements arrived at legally, and in good faith. There are millions of recommendations on file that were elicited on the representation that they would be held confidential. It is not right that any law should superordinate itself over the arrangements reached between college admissions offices and persons writing letters of recommendation.

Clearly, then, the law's focus should be prospective, rather than retroactive, and one would think that a single clarification —by Congress, or by HEW, with the tacit consent of Mr. Buckley—would limit the students' rights to future files. And these would presumably be collected differently. Colleges would use a standard form, and decline to solicit the advice of others except upon waiver, by the student, of any future right to examine that recommendation. Surely the logical thing for the admissions officer to do, after weighing the evaluation of the student, would be to destroy the letter, to avoid strategic miscarriages of justice.

What you have is a classic dilemma. Whatever happens, somebody loses something. When confronted with such dilemmas, the rule should be: weigh in on the side of the individual, over against the bureaucracy. This Senator Buckley sought to do. His bill needs fine tuning, but it is correctly pitched. □



ROCKEFELLER AND THE TWENTY-FIFTH

New York, Nov. 25—Re Rockefeller. The Senate paused long and lasciviously over his misdeeds, principal among them being, one gathers, his great wealth. It is ironic that much of the notoriety Mr. Rockefeller achieved during those hearings was the result of his openhandedness with money. If like H. L. Hunt or Paul Getty, he had husbanded every penny of his fortune, except for occasional spurts to a hospital or to the circulation of his own ideas, the Senate committee would have spent less time than it did ogling Rockefeller's munificence. One cannot fail to hear the heavy overtones of envy, colored by the fashionable notion that anyone who has more money to spend than Professor John Rawls of Harvard is, somehow, *eo ipso* evil.

On the other hand, critics of Rockefeller are absolutely correct in pointing out that for every enemy Rockefeller has turned up in the Senate, he has an offsetting friend at least as influential. One can only imagine how the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times* would have treated Rockefeller's explanation of the Goldberg book, if it had come from the mouth of Richard Nixon. Version A, contradicted by Version B contradicted or—more charitably—refined by Version C. I cannot recall such jubilation in the critical camp as when it was discovered a few years ago that Ronald Reagan had paid no state income tax or, more recently, when it was discovered that President Nixon had paid only a few dollars in tax. The discovery that Nelson Rockefeller had paid no taxes to speak of during one year was, simply, a meticulous headline, without the attendant demonstration on the editorial pages. Mr. Rockefeller is still getting the support, however furtive, of the liberal press—because he remains, to them, a symbol: of the Okay Wing of the Republican Party.

Now this is in itself interesting. When Mr. Rockefeller was designated by President Ford as Vice President, the designation was resented by many conservatives for the same reason that it was cheered by many liberals. I myself took a fugitive satisfaction of sorts, based on my understanding of American politics, which is that the Vice President is always supposed to represent the *other* wing of the party, thus, e.g., Adlai Stevenson and Sparkman, Kennedy and LBJ, and so on. When Agnew was picked by Nixon, he was thought to be a liberal Republican—indeed, he had been a supporter of Nelson Rockefeller. I privately calculated that if Rockefeller was the left wing representative of the Republican Party, then, reasoning backward, didn't that suggest that Mr. Ford considered himself the representative of the right wing of the Republican Party? That was a very happy thought.

But now Mr. Rockefeller is up against a creeping attitude in Congress, not yet prevalent in the Senate, but dangerously close to that in the new House of Representatives, which translated reads somewhat as follows: "I, Congressman Jones, will not vote to confirm Nelson Rockefeller because he is not the same man who would have been named as Vice President if I, Congressman Jones, had been President." That is the spirit in the air: that the Republican President has to name someone who is satisfactory to the Democratic Party. We are dealing under the terms of a very new Amendment to the Constitution, with which there has been very little experience. All the relevant Section (2) of the Article (XXV) says, is: "Whenever there is a vacancy in the office of the Vice President, the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress."

THE PROVISION is discouragingly vague. No time limit is set, or even suggested. Its principal failure, in my judgment, is in inviting members of the other political party than the President's to participate in the confirmation. When Eagleton pulled out, during the 1972 campaign, no Republican was consulted about who should replace him—the decision was up to the Democratic National Committee. Why is it the business of Democrats to decide which Republican is satisfactory to the Republican Party? Surely any revision of the Amendment—and there is much talk of this—should disqualify from voting on confirmation, legislators from another party than the President's. Rockefeller is in for trouble in the House, and it will be mostly sponsored by Democrats who, intending no disrespect, should have no voice at all in the management of Republican affairs. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Andrew and Peter were — 28 81 92 156 3 137 124 13 140

B. What Mary of Bethany used to anoint the Lord — 41 142 4 69 134 20 14 101

C. To stay as a temporary resident — 51 123 152 71 102 158 143

D. To become steadily less — 85 6 139 79 115 130 39

E. Town in Edmunds County, S. D. — 88 48 160 40 45 127 70

F. An American suffragist (1859-1947) — 100 146 7 18

G. City in Hong Kong colony — 34 59 117 147 105 128 50

H. The voice of the Lord is full of———— (Psalm 29) — 108 153 25 8 75 46 58

I. ALL THIN — 78 84 89 2 35 30 43

J. A male relative — 122 61 94 154 65 52

K. What Scrooge thought Christmas was — 145 109 21 31 159 141

L. Something that arouses an emotion in an observer — 157 66 73 83 120 54

M. Surpasses — 57 114 63 44 26 74 9

N. To fill completely as if by soaking or precipitation — 131 42 95 132 155 55

O. A member of one of the Iroquois tribes — 22 36 49 53 80 91

P. A bean, the seeds of which are used for food — 72 96 16 56 32 148 104

Q. In the fifteenth year of his reign, the word of God came unto John the Baptist — 82 67 135 149 103 112 76 17

R. To rise and fall rhythmically — 118 116 11 60 161

S. To make a national institution, e.g., a church — 136 23 10 125 97 150 119 77 19

T. An ill-founded belief held uncritically — 12 27 24 38

U. He sent out a decree that all the world should be taxed — 107 151 144 29 86 113 133 162

V. An athletic field event — 138 64 33 111 98 129 15

W. To lose intentionally — 1 121 68 47 87

X. Like a small mischievous fairy — 5 110 106 99 126

Y. An ancestress of Jesus Christ — 62 93 37 90

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1478 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 W	2 I	3 A		4 B	5 X	6 D		7 F	8 H	9 M	10 S	11 R	12 T	13 A
14 B	15 V		16 P	17 Q		18 F	19 S	20 B		21 K	22 O	23 S	24 T		25 H	26 M
27 T	28 A	29 U	30 I		31 K	32 P	33 V	34 G		35 I	36 O		37 Y	38 T	39 D	
40 E	41 B	42 N	43 I	44 M		45 E	46 H		47 W	48 E	49 O	50 G	51 C		52 J	53 O
54 L	55 N		56 P	57 M	58 H		59 G	60 R	61 J	62 Y		63 M	64 V	65 J		66 L
67 Q	68 W	69 B	70 E		71 C	72 P		73 L	74 M	75 H	76 Q	77 S		78 I	79 D	80 O
	81 A	82 Q		83 L	84 I	85 D	86 U		87 W	88 E	89 I	90 Y		91 O		92 A
93 Y	94 J	95 N	96 P	97 S		98 V	99 X	100F	101B	102C	103Q	104P		105G	106X	
107U		108H	109K	110X	111V	112Q	113U	114M	115D	116R		117G	118R	119S	120L	121W
	122J	123C		124A	125S	126X		127E	128G	129V	130D	131N		132N	133U	134B
135Q	136S	137A		138V	139D	140A	141K	142B	143C	144U		145K	146F	147G	148P	149Q
150S	151U	152C	153H	154J		155N	156A	157L	158C	159K	160E	161R	162U			

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